Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/musingsinmaorila00brac

Musings in Maoriland

BY

Thomas Bracken

WITH AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

BY

SIR ROBERT STOUT, K.C.M.G.

AND PREFACE

BY

SIR GEORGE GREY, K.C.B.

ILLUSTRATED BY NEW ZEALAND AND ENGLISH ARTISTS

ARTHUR T. KEIRLE

DUNEDIN, WELLINGTON (NEW ZEALAND)

SYDNEY (AUSTRALIA)

1890

Kathleen Kay.

25 March 05
Wellington
N Zealand.

[*Entered at Stationer's Hall.* *All rights reserved.*]

TO

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

WITH THE SINCERE ADMIRATION

OF

THE AUTHOR

CONTENTS.

Page

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF NEW ZEALAND 1

PREFACE 21

JUBILEE DAY (with Illustration) 25

POEMS. GRAVE AND GAY.

STURT'S LAST LETTER 33

THE MARCH OF THE RAUPARAHA (with Illustration) 40

TARAWERA 61

IN THE TEMPLE (with Illustration) 65

THE OTHER SIDE 72

REQUIESCAT 74

A WINTER LYRIC 78

THE WATERFALL (with Illustration) 81

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS 84

THE TIMARU WRECKS 86

M'GILLVRAY'S DREAM (with Illustration) 89

ANNIHILATION 101

WAIARONUI (with Illustration) 104

YEARS ARE STEALING 116

THE BROOKLET IN THE GLEN 119

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE (with Illustration) 121

	Page
ONLY A MISERABLE WRETCH (with Illustration)	129
OCEAN'S ANSWER	133
WOMAN'S RIGHTS	136
SPIRIT OF SONG	139
CHRISTMAS MEMORIES	141
A PAPER FROM HOME (with Illustration)	144
ST. PATRICK AND THE SHAMROCK	146
THE WINDS	148
THE VILEST FIEND OF ALL	151
DREAM ON	154
THE OPPOSITE SEAT	156
AWAY WITH REGRET	159
ORAKAU (with Illustration)	161
SLEEPING ALONE	166
AUSTRALIA	168
THE BEGGAR'S PRAYER	170
NOT UNDERSTOOD	175
PAX VOBISCUM (with Illustration)	177
LIVE AND LOVE TO DAY	180
SIX SONNETS. THE BIRD AND THE IDOL	182
TO——	183
MORNING ABOVE DUNEDIN	184
THE FIRST MATCH	185
AMBITION, FAME, AND LOVE	186
HENRY KENDALL	187
OLD BENDIGO	188
DE PROFUNDIS	191
NEW ZEALAND HYMN	194
HOW VON TEMPSKY DIED	196
THE COLONIST (with Illustration)	200
WAITING FOR THE MAIL	204
AT SUNSET	207
THE CHRISTMAS QUEEN (with Illustration)	209
LEAH	216
THE BAD OLD TIMES	219
NOT DEAD	222
PASSING THROUGH THE GATE (with Illustration)	224
THE EMIGRANT'S WELCOME	227

Page

THE OLD LOG HUT 230
A DREAM OF CHILDHOOD (with Illustration) 241
OLD LETTERS 244
THE SOUL'S TREASURY 248
APRIL HERE, AND APRIL THERE 250
THE TRAMP OF THE FIRE BRIGADE 253
HURRAH FOR NEW ZEALAND (with Illustration) 256
DUNEDIN FROM THE BAY 259
LIGHT ENOUGH 262
OUR SPARTAN WALLS 264
MEMORIA IN ETERNA 266
AFFINITY 268

LAYS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

"UP-A-DAISY!" 273
AMONG THE BUDS 277
GOOD NIGHT TO BABY (with Illustration) 280
MOTHER'S GRAVE 282
LITTLE VIOLET 284
THE LAND BEYOND THE SUN 286
THE BOY AND THE YEAR 289
OUR LITTLE DARLING 293
ANGELS' FEATHERS (with Illustration) 296
BUSH CHILDREN 298

POEMS AND ADDRESSES.

KAITANGATA 303
LONGFELLOW 306
DAVID LIVINGSTONE 309
SIR GEORGE GRAY (with Illustration) 312
IN MEMORIAM. WILSON GREY 313
O'CONNELL 317
ROBERT BURNS 320
JAMES MACANDREW 323
MRS. GEORGE DARRELL 326
GEORGE ELIOT 329
ADAM LINDSAY GORDON 331
AN EXILE'S REVERIE 333

Page

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL.

THE SAIGE O'TIMARU 341
THE LAYGIND O'TERRY M'KOW (with Illustration) 345
THE PRINTER'S STICK 348
CHINEE JOHNNY 352
OUR PET KANGAROO 355

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF NEW ZEALAND.

THERE is ever a danger of confounding analogy and identity. If it is said a State is an organism—growing, developing as other living bodies grow and develop,—one must not assume that a nation passes through the same phases and has all the characteristics of an individual. It is a useful analogy to use—to say the State is an organism. There is, however, no identity, but often dissimilarity, between the growth of a person and that of a nation. With this caution, however, it will help us in briefly tracing the intellectual history of New Zealand—to speak of its progress in terms of growth, as if it were an organism. New Zealand began its career as a Colony in 1841. From 1832 to 1841 it was treated as part of New South Wales, and there was a British resident in New Zealand paid by the

New South Wales Government up to 1840. In 1841 it began an independent existence, having become a separate Colony on the 3rd May, 1841. British sovereignty was proclaimed on the 29th January, 1840. The colonists—most of whom, it may be said, had come from the mother colony—had been attracted thither by three causes. First, some had gone as missionaries; second, some were engaged in whale fishery; third, others were trading with the Natives and frequented the harbours of Auckland during the whale fishing, obtaining timber, etc., from the Islands. In 1839 the New Zealand Company was formed to provide for systematic colonisation, and in 1840 about 1200 settlers landed at Wellington.

In 1840, also, the City of Auckland was founded, and proclaimed the capital of New Zealand; and thus began what has been the peculiarity of New Zealand settlements—the planting of settlers at different points on the coast, with little communication between them. In the other colonies there was some central point from which the settlers gradually dispersed to the outlying lands. In New Zealand the settlements were like distinct colonies, and, in the case of Canterbury and Otago, under distinct religious associations.

In 1832 there was a British Resident. In 1840 came a Lieutenant Governor, acting under the Government of New South Wales. In 1841 there is a distinct government and there is a Legislative Council—a legislating and administering body rolled into one. That was the day of small things, for the European residents were but a handful. There was, however, some sale for land in Auckland, and a revenue also became possible. In 1841 the revenue from land was

£29,136 12s 3d, and from other sources £12,325 5s 6d—in all £41,461. The expenditure gives a good clue to the Government functions. It was—

Civil Service	£13,822	12	6½
Native	977	6	2
Land (including surveys) . . .	5,909	17	1
Native Land Purchase	1,510	11	6
Public Works	12,123	11	5
Education	209	17	0
Miscellaneous	5,547	11	5

Here, then, are two small communities—one in Auckland and the other on the shores of Port Nicholson—beginning to found a nation; living at peace with the Maoris, with small exports (£17,717 in 1841), and larger imports as the people were arriving in the Colony with their means (£133,358 in 1841).

No doubt, as Virgil has sung, the colonists left home

"*Cum sociis natisque penatibus et magnis dis.*"

and they necessarily took many elements of their social life—part of the social medium or environment—with them. But a new life and a new environment had to be built up. New Zealand was not to become merely "a bit of England" amidst a Polynesian population. In time it would develop its own national life—its own peculiarities—its characteristic social organisation, and like a living organism, it had first to look after mere existence. The settlements were planted amidst a warlike people, numerous compared with the handful of settlers. The estimate of Maoris at that time is various,

but in the North Island there must have been about 75,000 people when the settlers first arrived. Industries there were none; whale oil, kauri spars in the North, some flax, a little agricultural produce from the Maoris—that was all that the Colony yet produced. Manufacturing industries were unknown. Cattle-rearing came first, and as the settlers were first located in bush land, clearing bush had to keep pace with or precede agricultural development. Provision was made for religion, and, as in England, the schools were under the control of the Church—the Church was looked upon as the proper organisation to manage education. It, and not the State, was to civilise the Maoris and to teach the young. Little by little the vote of education mounted up, beginning in 1840 at £68 15s 5d, and going up to £209 17s in 1841; £200 in 1842; £200 in 1843; £200 in 1844; £875 in 1845; £1253 6s 8d in 1846; £1100 in 1847; and £3466 in 1848. The Education Ordinance of 1847 provided that one-twentieth of the revenue was to be spent on education. The schools were under either the bishop of the Anglican Church, the head of the Roman Catholic Church, or the Wesleyan Mission. At first the Maoris received the Pakehas kindly. In 1839, when Colonel Wakefield landed at Port Nicholson, there was a feast of welcome, but evil days came and misunderstandings arose. The first expenditure for military purposes was in 1844. Heke's war began in that year. The expenses before that year were £866 2s 9d. In 1845 they were £7108 11s 11d; in 1846, £10, 256 18s 11d. The total receipts from revenue and land sales being only that year £25,852 11s 6d. A sum of £10,828 was spent in 1847; and this in addition to the expenses of

the Imperial Government for military purposes. The second settlement formed by the New Zealand Company was located in Wanganui in 1841. The third was formed at New Plymouth in 1841, and the fourth at Nelson also in 1841. In 1842 the first settlers direct from Britain landed in Auckland. Some few had arrived at Manukau in 1841 under the auspices of a Scotch Colonisation Company; but all the other settlers in North New Zealand had come from New South Wales or Tasmania. In 1848 the Otago settlement was founded, the first ship, the 'John Wickliffe', arriving on the 22nd March, 1848, and the second on the 15th April, 1848. Canterbury was founded in 1850, the first ship with the surveyors arriving in April, 1850. The first emigrant ship arrived on the 16th December, 1850.

We behold the settlements formed—small *nuclei* planted along the coast, each struggling for an independent life—each experiencing different difficulties and trials. In the North the Native questions loomed large. No doubt the Natives were a great help to the early settlers. They created a trade at once, and they were otherwise helpful—but the existence of a foreign people had its evil side, outside and beyond what are called "Native disturbances." It was a race trained in civilisation meeting a race not so trained—a race with one moral code, meeting another with quite a different rule of life. The social medium was different, and necessarily both races suffered.

All the settlements had this great advantage—there were picked men in them all. Such men as Domett, Fox, Featherston, Fitzherbert, Sinclair, Whitaker, Martin,

Swanson, Godley, Fitzgerald, Clifford, Pollen, Cargill, Burns, Macandrew, Gillies, Weld, Bell, Wakefield, Richmond, etc., not to mention other names as worthy, were men of whom an old nation might well be proud, and they brought with them high views of colonial life, and high ideals to live by. It was not a race for wealth which they were running, but they aimed at founding what had been happily named, "A Britain of the South." And the library was not forgotten. A newspaper was one of the first things thought of, Mr. Samuel Revans publishing on the 18th April, 1840, the second number of the 'New Zealand Gazette,' the first number having been published on the 21st August, 1839, in London. Churches were established whereever a settlement was formed, and they became centres of social life. Something was needed to weld society together. For it was not a whole village or town moved from Britain to some portion of New Zealand, but men and women from different parts of the empire, unknown to each other perhaps until they met on shipboard, going to form a new settlement. Along with churches, came schools. First, tentatively and poorly; but as the settlements got older the need of education was felt more and more, and with wise prevision, endowments were set aside, for the Colony, aimed to give in literary culture all that even England could bestow. Not however till 1869 was a University—the cope stone of an educational system—founded, and then in a small way. Three professors came to Otago in 1871, and the essentials of an arts' course were accessible to colonial students. Then came in a few years Canterbury College,

and a little later Auckland University College. There was also established a New Zealand Institute, so that the scientific men could compare notes, and diffuse information about the natural history of the Colony. Musical Societies from the first were attempted, and these with many fluctuations have been continued with varying success.

It is not necessary to write of physical training. For example, within nine months of the landing of the first emigrants in Otago we read of a challenge being issued to the Wellington Cricket Club by Dunedin cricketers to meet them half-way to see whose skill should win. After cricket came football—horse racing seems to have been even as now, popular—then lawn tennis, fishing, bowling, etc., etc. Every kind of sport and pastime has been duly acclimatised, and no doubt these have had their share in welding society together, as well as in keeping men physically strong. Then we have brought with us the unions and societies of the old world. The Masons, Oddfellows, etc., etc., have all their lodges and unions, and as the Colony has grown these have become strong amongst us.

One great impetus the Colony got was from the discovery of gold. It brought to our shores men of enterprise, energy, and ability. There became new surroundings for the communities, and parts apparently doomed to desolation for a long time to come, so far as human habitation was concerned, became peopled. Central Otago, Westland, and parts of Nelson and Marlborough were settled by an enterprising, hand-working and intelligent people. Settlements were born in a day.

Then just as the gold tide was ebbing the Public Works Policy was introduced, and for the first time in the Colony's history the value of exports exceeded that of imports. In 1870 the imports were £4,639,015, and the exports £4,822,756. This was the highest figure the exports had ever reached, though the imports had in 1863 been as high as £7,024,674. Gradually after the Public Works Policy was adopted the imports rose, people came in great numbers to the Colony and they brought capital with them. The loans floated in England, and the purchase of railway plant and material necessarily increased the imports. Further, the mere fact of many emigrants coming to New Zealand brought settlers. The Immigration Policy that was pursued was liberal—perhaps in some instances too liberal,—as sufficient care was not sometimes taken in the selecting of those who received Government assistance to go to the Colony. It will be noticed as the flow of people into the Colony decreases, so the imports decrease, and as the flow increases the imports increase. The Public Works Policy brought more mechanics relatively than had come to the Colony before. The first settlers had looked to whaling and trading with the natives. Those who came under the auspices of the New Zealand Company, of the various settlement associations and down to the gold days, came as settlers—looking to the cultivation of the land as the aim and object of a settler's life. With the gold discoveries there came the "digger", seeking for a fortune, and to return soon to the country from whence he came; and with him came the usual camp followers to supply his wants. Few looked upon gold digging as a

permanent industry. The emigrants who came by and through the Public Works Policy had not the definite aims of any of the before-mentioned classes. They were to get work—Government work, it was thought—and in time they hoped to get employment for themselves or their families. Their ideal was not a settler's cabin and a farm, nor a digger's fortune; and just as public works ceased, and as the young people born in New Zealand came to maturity, it was asked, "What were they to do?" The claimant necessity for diversified industries found expression. The Colony must have manufactures, it was said, and factory life became possible. Only now are we entering the manufacturing era—though of course the more direct and simple manufactures have been with us for many years. Hides made into leather, tallow into soap and candles. are our earliest industries. The higher type of manufactures is only now finding a home amongst us; and the set is not so much towards a country as to a town life. The population of the towns increases more rapidly than that of the outlying districts. There are no doubt reasons for this. By railways, distribution has been made easier. The village shoemaker and tailor have to give way to the town factory. The settler can get his clothing and his boots cheaper in the centres of population, and better made; and, at the same time, the workers can be better paid as specialisation in work and machinery has made production easier and cheaper. Then, again, the machinery now used in agriculture—and soon to be applied even to pastoral farming, as witness Wolsely's sheep-shearing machine—has wonderfully improved and multiplied. Fewer

men need to live on the farms, and when workers are required they can be drawn from towns. Those things, more perhaps than the attractions of town life, have caused migration to the towns, and it is scarcely possible that this set towards town life can be stopped unless our industries are differently managed, very small farming encouraged, and village settlements created.

Our political system has passed through many phases. Beginning with a British Resident, then a Lieutenant Governor, both under control of the mother colony, New South Wales; we were a Crown Colony from 1841 until 1853. In that year a new constitution was proclaimed; a General Assembly consisting of the Governor, the Legislative Council—members nominated for life—a House of Representatives elected by freeholders and householders to manage Colonial concerns, and six Provinces, with a Superintendent and a Council elected by the freeholders and householders to manage purely Provincial concerns, became our government machinery. The Provinces were Auckland, Taranaki, Wellington, Nelson, Canterbury, and Otago—with their capitals, Auckland, New Plymouth, Wellington, Nelson, Christchurch, and Dunedin. At first the duties of the Provinces were mainly municipal, and outside of the Provincial Parliament there was little, if any municipal-life. By-and-bye came differentiation of functions. Boards of various kinds were established. Education was, after the first two or three years of Provincial institutions, managed by committees and boards of varying constitution. Roads were attended to by commissioners or elected boards under the Provincial Executive. The town centres were

created municipalities, free from the Provincial control, save that in some instances the main road through the town was considered Provincial property. Then came diverse things requiring attention—stock, sanitation and the management of the goldfields; and the Provinces organised bodies to meet the varying circumstances of their territory. And so the system worked on till people at a distance from the central town thought their interests were being neglected. If a rival centre was established, why should there not be a new province? And if there was no splitting up of the Provinces, would they not soon become little republics, not municipalities, with no ties to each other or the Colony, and would not the Colonial Government be emaciated if not destroyed? The new Provinces Act was passed by those who feared Provincial development; and Hawke's Bay, Marlborough, Southland, and afterwards Westland, were its product. But what helped more to destroy the Provinces than their disintegration by multiplication was the General Government undertaking colonising functions. The Public Works policy was the sledge-hammer that broke the Provincial system into pieces. With loans there came interest and sinking funds to be paid, and that necessitated fresh taxation and an absorption of the revenues formerly given to the Provinces for their administration. In 1870 the end of the Provinces was seen by few, but it soon became apparent that Abolition was within a measurable distance. The only hope of their continuance lay in specialising their functions and in entirely separating their finance from that of the General Government, and that was never done.

Another cause that may have contributed to Abolition was the feeling for unity that was in the air. Even the fact that the German Empire had been created, that there was a longing for closer relationship amongst other European races, had its effect on New Zealand, and on the public opinion of the Colony.

It has been said that the newspaper made its appearance with the arrival of the settlers. Perhaps nothing could better show the growth of a nation than its progress in literature. The newspaper, the political pamphlet, the struggle about political means—occasionally a little theological outburst—behold the beginnings of colonial literature! The living speech and the newspaper in the coming city, but the present village, are the means of literary culture. New Zealand had political training of a marked kind. It had to struggle for "Home Rule" as opposed to colonial office management. This struggle, extending over some years, led to debates, to pamphlets, to memorials, and to a sharpening and an educating that had a good mental effect on the colonists. But above all, the meeting and dealing with a Native population afforded a field for the display of statesmanship and philanthropy. The lives of Sir William Martin and Bishop Selwyn show how they struggled to preserve the Maoris. And in the record of the Parliamentary debates will be found flights of eloquence that are not second to the best oratory of Europe. One short extract, the closing words of one of New Zealand's statesmen (Mr. James Edward Fitzgerald, C.M.G.) may be quoted. It was spoken on a series of resolutions moved by him on the

6th August, 1862, in favour of equal rights to the Maoris. One resolution said:—

"That this House will assent to no laws which do not recognise the right of all Her Majesty's subjects, of whatever race, within this Colony to a full and equal enjoyment of civil and political privileges." Other resolutions provided for the representation of the Maoris in the Legislative Council and House of Representatives. In concluding his speech, Mr. Fitzgerald said:—"I know that evil days may come when the sacred inheritance of light and truth which God has given to a nation to hold and transmit, may only be saved by an appeal to the last ordeal of nations—the trial by war; but I know, too, how great the crime which rests on the souls of those who, for any less vital cause, or for any less dire necessity, precipitate that fatal issue. I grudge not the glory of those who have achieved the deliverance of a people or the triumph of a cause by any sacrifice of human life or human happiness; but I claim a higher glory for those who, in reliance on a law more powerful than that of force, and wishing spells more mighty than the sword, have led the nation, by paths of peaceful prosperity, to the fruition of an enduring civilisation. I claim a higher glory for those who, standing on the pinnacle of human powers, have striven to imitate the government of Him who 'taketh up the simple out of the dust and lifteth the poor out of the mire.' And I claim the highest glory of all for that man who has most thoroughly penetrated that deepest and loftiest mystery in the art of human government—'the gentleness that maketh great.' I have

stood beside a lonely mound, in which lies buried the last remnant of a tribe which fell—men, women, and children—before the tomahawks of their ancient foes; and I sometimes shudder to think that my son, too, may stand beside a similar monument, the work of our hands, and blush with the ignominy of feeling that, after all, the memorial of the Christian law-giver is but copied from that of the cannibal and savage. I appeal to-night to the House to inaugurate a policy of courageous and munificent justice. I have a right to appeal to you as citizens of that nation which, deaf to the predictions of the sordid and the timid, dared to give liberty to her slaves. I appeal to you to-night in your sphere to perform an act of kindred greatness. I appeal to you, not only on behalf of that ancient race whose destinies are hanging in the balance, but on behalf of your own sons and your sons' sons; for I venture to predict that, in virtue of that mysterious law of our being by which great deeds once done become incorporated into the life and soul of a people, enriching the source from whence flows through all the ages the inspiration to noble thoughts and the incitement to generous actions, I venture to predict that, among the traditions of that great nation which will one day rule these islands, and the foundations of which we are now laying, the most cherished and the most honoured will be that wise, bold, and generous policy which gave Magna Charta of their liberties to the Maori people."

The number of pamphlets and books on New Zealand and on the Native Question far exceeded those printed and published of any other colony. There were more

questions here. Political rights and the transportation of criminals were perhaps the only exciting questions in Australia. Here we had, in addition to the ordinary political struggles, the Maori, and his wars, his lands, and his treatment, and the question of Provincialism. The different centres fought with each other. This led not only to political, but also to literary activity. Further, as each Province was striving to bring settlers to its shores, so there were necessarily published descriptive works and sketches of the settler's life from each Provincial district.

Scientific works, at first few and far between, beginning with Hooker's and Hochstetter's, were published. The engagement of Sir James Hector as Geologist by the Otago Provincial Government was here of considerable importance; for not only were his own researches of value, but he organised the scientific examination of New Zealand's Rocks, Fishes, Birds, etc. The founding of the New Zealand Institute in 1869, with its annual volume of proceedings and transactions, marked a general advance; and henceforward Science became systematised, though it was almost wholly to foreign-trained scientists that we looked for discoveries. With the rise of university training the New Zealander is becoming the observer and recorder of the natural history of his own country. Poetry, the Novel, and Art have only recently been found amongst us.

There was no time for light literature in the early days. The hard realities of life, the struggle, as it has been said, for mere existence, for food, for dwellings, for communication, and for political existence and political means,

absorbed all the literary and intellectual energy of the colonists. An individual here and there, whose tastes had been formed ere he left the place of his birth, cultivated philosophy and poetry; but to the mass there were other things of more importance. We find Domett, it is true, writing Ranolf and Amohia in the spare, and perhaps in the working, time of his office as Registrar-General of Lands. But he was a poet before he left England. He had written many poems before the Colony was founded—*e.g.*, "The Forest Beauties, Upper Canada," in 1834; "A Stage Coach in the Alleghanies," 1834; "A Christmas Hymn," 1837. He had been a contributor to Blackwood's Magazine in 1837, 1838, and 1839, and his Christmas Hymn had been published in America. As a describer of New Zealand scenery—especially of the wondrous hot lake regions—he had been the pioneer, and none have yet excelled him in describing the Terraces, and alas! none can now excel him, for on the 10th June, 1886, the Terraces were destroyed by what is called the Tarawera Eruption. His poems had local colouring; although the first part of Ranolf and Amohia details the philosophical speculations of Europe. Little by little, stray poems appeared, racy of the soil; and then came tales for weekly papers, written by New Zealand natives and by those whose life had been almost wholly spent in the Colony. The first poems and the first tales, like the beginnings of American literature, were English. There was little distinctively of New Zealand in them. Local colouring was rare, and though tales have been multiplied, and our weekly papers once a year at

least give prominent space to locally written novelletes, there is still little New Zealand in them. The United States is now getting a distinctive literature—Cooper, Bret Harte, Cradock, Clements, Whitman, are thoroughly American. We have not yet had a novel of high excellence that is wholly of New Zealand.

In poetry we are more fortunate, for we have Australasian poets, and poems that are native to New Zealand. We have Brunton Stephens, Gordon, Kendall, Mrs. J. G. Wilson (Austral), Parkes, Adams, Kelly, Harpur, Martin, Sladen, Wentworth, and others; and Mr. Bracken, who has published poems for many years, may be ranked as one of our best, and is one whose country is Australasia, for he has been reared in Victoria and New Zealand. He is helping, and has helped, to create a national literature; and every year shows fresh competitors for the poet's laurel, and fresh aspirants for the novelist's fame. There are more tales and more poems published in New Zealand now in one year than were published in the fifteen years, say, from 1850 to 1865; and the disputes about mere political machinery are lessening. The Native question has faded away. The political struggles are neither so intense nor so prolonged. Social questions, as distinguished from political disputes, loom large, and literature ranks higher year by year. Reading is getting more diffused, and though the young Colonial has not yet the reading tastes of those of the same age perhaps in older countries—pastimes, games, etc., being more popular—this may be excused when the history of the Colony is examined. But public libraries

are getting abundant, the booksellers more numerous, magazine literature plentiful, and the local tales and poems much multiplied. And in the days to come these must have their influence. The University has now many students. Last year there were no fewer than 496 matriculated students in New Zealand. The schools, both primary and secondary, are better equipped and better taught than in days gone by. We have Art Societies in our various town centres, and the beginnings of art galleries in Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin. All these agencies will have their effect. Who can predict what the future will be? New Zealand being insular, far removed from the continent of Australia—about 1000 miles distant—having distinct natural features—will its literature be idiosyncratic? Its high mountain ranges, its peculiar evergreen forests, its volcanic belt with its geysers, the fiords with their walls of green, and numerous waterfalls, the cold lakes with glaciers in the distance, the Native people, their history, and the stories of the struggles between the two races, and the Pacific laving the shores, will surely beget a literature and a poesy—New Zealand's own. Nor do we think it will be open to the charge of Philistinism or narrowness—for we are not like England—two islands near a continent where many foreign languages are spoken and where intercourse in literature has been nigh impossible. We are linked with Australia, and our Mail Service to San Francisco is like a shuttle, sent monthly, weaving as with a silken thread to sixty millions of English speaking people, having a literature yearly rising in importance and complexity. And we have

the literary impetus from the old land, too, for the English magazines and weekly journals are read by us. We are still interested in the political and social questions discussed in their pages. We need not, therefore, be narrow or insular, though our literature may have its local colouring.

A national feeling is no doubt arising amongst us. We are forgetting we are English, Irish, Scotch, German, or Norse, and we are coming to feel that we are New Zealanders. As the years roll on there will be still greater solidarity, and that seems needed before a national literature can arise. There is, however, something that will operate in the time to come most wonderfully in preventing national narrowness, and that is the migration of the people. We have Victorians, Tasmanians, New South Welshmen, and South Australians, as well as Canadians in various parts of our Colony. And in all the Australasian colonies are New Zealand born men and women. The more rapid communication in these days than was dreamt of fifty years ago must have its effect, and prevent too great intenseness in our literature. Mr. Bracken is himself an example of what this migration may do. He has lived in Victoria,—and who that remembers the early digging days of the sister colony cannot appreciate "Old Bendigo!" While by us New Zealanders his pictures of our scenery and social life are highly appreciated.

The pioneers then in politics, in government, in all the institutions that go to ennoble the race have done good work. The literary pioneers are now beginning to start with their "Auroras," "Philip Laings," and "Charlotte Joneses."

Let us hope they will be as successful in founding a national literature as the passengers in these vessels were in founding settlements. This may be said: Mr. Bracken need not be ashamed of his efforts. When the history of our literature is written, his poem will not be forgotten, and in the future will not the labours of the writer be ranked as high as the work of the statesman or the warrior?

DUNEDIN, N. Z., 1890.

ROBERT STOUT.

PREFACE.

I HAVE been asked to write a brief preface to this volume, and I willingly comply with a request which imposes no very difficult task upon me, for it is already recognised by many in New Zealand and elsewhere, that Mr. Bracken possesses that deep sympathy with his fellow-men and with nature, which, united with purity of taste, imagination, and power of expression, go so far to form the character of a true poet.

Several of the pieces in this volume will undoubtedly be admitted to bear the impress of merit; and those treating of the sublime and beautiful scenery of New Zealand, are remarkable for their fidelity to nature. This alone is a merit of high order, for every country should have its distinctive character faithfully expressed in a literature which is a reflex of the land in which it had its birth.

Such a national literature must, in each case, be greatly influenced by the nature of the country and the character of the native people with whom the early settlers came in contact. The more stubborn the conflict of races may have been, and the more trying the struggles undergone by the early settlers, the sterner and more earnest, even sometimes more melancholy the character of the national literature is likely to become. In the case of New Zealand, the scenery in which so many early disasters and heart-breaking toils were undergone, was often weird-like and surpassingly grand, and at other times of unusual beauty and softness. The savage fierceness of the natives was also frequently tempered with a knightly generosity, fidelity, and honorable bearing, which are not often surpassed. Thus all the elements appear to be here combined, which may originate and mature a literature equally suited to rouse a people to the heights of heroism, or to soothe them down to the tranquil and blessing-producing joys of domestic life.

The sphere of Mr. Bracken's labours may, perhaps, be thought by some, to be too circumscribed to possess any high degree of interest; but it should be remembered that the early poets of a new country give the first vivid descriptions of hitherto unrecorded varieties of scenery, of new trees and flowers, of the habits of new birds and animals, of the appearance, beliefs, and legends of a newly discovered race of men. If, then, our early poets, with warm sympathies and truth of language, describe the sentiments and reveries that these fresh materials and their endless comparisons and combinations excite in the impassioned or meditative human

mind, and especially the incidents which spring from the mingling of two such different races, they must create a present and lasting interest in many readers.

From the poetry of these first singers will also be culled out images and descriptions, which will long endure as household sayings and apt similies amongst that new race whose artistic tastes they are helping climate and nature to create and maintain in this country.

Let us hope, then, that the fortunate writers who occupy the vantage ground of being the first in this new field so rich in all elements which produce and foster poetry, may call into existence a truly national literature, and that they may continue to show themselves capable of fittingly describing the beauties and wonders which here meet us on every side, from the Bluff to the North Cape, with its mystic Reinga. In the meantime, let Mr. BRACKEN be welcomed as one of those Pioneer Poets of New Zealand, who have already established such claims on our gratitude and regard.

AUCKLAND, January 1st, 1890.

G. GREY.

They live among us yet who saw thee lie
A sleeping virgin, nursed by sea and sky.

JUBILEE DAY.

UNFURL our stainless flag, and let it wave
Beside the war-worn Standard of the brave.
Together let them gaily float and toss,
The British banner and the Starry Cross;
Together let them kiss the cheerful breeze
That fans the islands of the sunny seas.
Those silken symbols of the New and Old
Have fame and honor traced on every fold.
Uplift them boldly, then, with loyal hands,
While fair New Zealand, Queen of Southern lands,
Holds festival, and smilingly surveys
The wide expanse where Britain keeps ablaze
The torch of glory as she proudly steers
Her ship of Empire o'er the sea of years—
Those waves for ever onward swell and glide,
A non-receding and resistless tide;

Those billows that leap o'er tyranny, and climb
The slopes of freedom on the coast of Time.
O, bright young nation! thy brief annals seem
Like magic fables told in dazzling dream.
They live among us yet, the men who saw
Thy mountains ere the light of love and law
Illumined thee, and wak'd thee from thy trance
To hear God's voice command thee to advance,
And take a proud position in the van
Of States that shape the destiny of man;
They live among us yet who saw thee lie
A sleeping virgin, nursed by sea and sky,
With wasted wealth in wild profusion strewn
Across thy breast. But fifty years have flown
Since gallant Wakefield and his comrades gazed
Upon thy shores, delighted and amazed;
A little later still—just fifty years—
Since hill and vale re-echoed British cheers
Proclaiming thee a daughter, fair and free,
Of that old mother who commands the sea.
O, proud "Aurora," ship of happy name,
With thee the dawn of peace and progress came;
With thee the light of liberty appeared;
The virgin started as thy captain steer'd
His noble vessel through the restless Strait
That leads to wide Poneke's[1] open gate.

[1] Port Nicholson.

The virgin rose, her dreaming days were o'er,
Destined to sleep in solitude no more;
New life and vigor filled her joyous heart
As Nature from the Old World beckoned Art
To her assistance, and Religion came
To kindle here the Gospel's holy flame;
And Commerce followed, dressed in snowy shrouds;
And Science brought her treasures from the clouds.
Oh, for some master's brush, some poet's pen,
To sketch the bridge connecting Now and Then!
Oh, wondrous age! with grand achievements fraught,
Behold the change that fifty years have wrought.
Where now the Central City stretches wide,
And seaward pushes back the conquered tide,
Wild forests, rich in every tint of green,
Mantled the hills and beautified the scene;
Where now the ships assemble to outpour
The garnered wealth of many a distant shore,
The white foam, 'scaping from the waters blue,
Swept up the beach and lapped the rude canoe;
Where once the swarthy chief held savage sway,
The sun of progress sheds his brightest ray.
O, transformation grand!—the rushing train
Pierces the mountain to unlock the plain.
Where yelling foemen fought, we welcome now
The steaming herald of the spade and plough;
Round happy homesteads flocks and herds increase
And fruitful fields are dressed in robes of peace.
Well may the Central City raise her voice,

And summon all her children to rejoice;
She saw with pride a future nation born,
And hails with mirth New Zealand's natal morn.
What wonder that fair Auckland with her vies
To claim the honor of the birthday prize?
States such as this bright land have seldom birth,
Freedom has few such homes upon the earth.
Oh, lovely city of the sunny isles!
Be proud to-day, and wear thy gladdest smiles.
Thou hast a glory which is all thine own.
Bold mariners found shelter near thy throne
When tameless tribes roamed wild in rude array,
And followed savage chiefs through feud and fray.
But savage though they were, those chiefs of old,
Their swarthy breasts held hearts of lions bold;
Unconquered heroes they, whose fathers brave
In ancient times subdued the wind and wave;
Dark navigators, fired with conquest's flame,
Across the deep from distant shores they came
To found new homes. Well worthy of the place
Were those old chiefs, and worthy of the race
That came to lead them to a higher plane,
Where Law and Justice claim the right to reign.
Be proud, then, Auckland! Thy traditions give
A greatness to thee. Envy cannot live
Amidst such charms as thine. Thy isles and bays
Command the painter's and the poet's praise;
Old Rangitoto guards a matchless scene—
The royal sentry of an ocean queen.

Now, winging southward on this day of glee,
The muse proclaims a gladsome jubilee
Where Avon's stream, with many a twist and twine,
Steals softly on, in tracings serpentine.
Through willow arches green, by English lanes
That skirt the City of the Fertile Plains.
And louder still the swelling chorus thrills
Around the stately City of the Hills.
Superb Edina of the South! 'tis thine
To hold to-day the treasures of the mine;
The costly fabrics of the mart and mill;
Rare trophies of the clever craftsman's skill;
Triumphs of toil, of industry, and trade;
Wonders of art and science—all displayed
Within the noble temple raised to Peace,
Whose shrines are deck'd with nugget, sheaf, and fleece;
Whose altars groan 'neath earth's prolific yield,
The riches of the valley and the field;
Whose courts, and aisles, and avenues, and bays
Afford bright glimpses of the coming days,
When war's red eagle, perched beneath the dove,
Shall typify the majesty of Love.
Prophetic visions flash across the mind—
Another fifty years are left behind,
And lo the change!—A grander race of men,
With fuller knowledge and with broader ken,
Are masters of the land; the fruits of toil
Are garnered by the children of the soil—
Bold sons of freemen privileged to rear

The nation's superstructure strong and fair.
New cities start to life, with stirring streets,
And open harbors welcome foreign fleets.
The virgin now to womanhood has grown;
Her strength developed, she can stand alone.
Glad songs her grand Centennial proclaim,
And sister nations spread New Zealand's fame;
And we, who meet upon this half-way stage,
Shall be remember'd in that forward age.
The echoes of our Jubilee shall last
Till then, and wed the future to the past;
The men who crown the apex then shall pay
Due homage to the builders of to-day,
And, gazing o'er the gulf, shall think with pride
Of our rejoicings at this new-year-tide,
As we look back across our fifty years,
And laud the labors of the pioneers
Who firmly laid the keystone of a State
Where proud Poneke guards the restless Strait.

POEMS. GRAVE AND GAY.

STURT'S LAST LETTER.

IN the Auckland Free Library, among the valuable manuscripts presented to that institution by Sir George Grey is a letter written by the celebrated Australian explorer, Captain Sturt, to the Knight of Kawau, in which the writer complains of the neglect exhibited towards him by the Imperial Government. Sir George Grey used his influence in the hope of procuring for Captain Sturt the honour of knighthood which he had so nobly earned, but the Government of the day did not respond to the recommendation, and Captain Sturt died without a suitable recognition being made of his valuable labours in the cause of exploration. The letter was written from Cheltenham, England, where the brave Australian pioneer breathed his last.

STURT'S LAST LETTER.

Do heroes always wear the crowns they've won?
Do honours always wait the pioneers
Who brave the Arctic snows and tropic sun
To carve out greatness for the future years?

Are nations always gen'rous to the men
Who venture forth with dauntless hearts to trace
New paths where man may walk with broader ken
To found new empires for the coming race?

Let hist'ry answer, while the blush of shame
Mantles her features as she turns aside
To weep for those who climb'd the hill of fame,
Yet, unrewarded by their country, died.

'Twas April when the English fields are clad
In green and gold, and all the tints of spring,
When love and hope and health make young hearts glad,
And through the leafy lanes the linnets sing.

'Twas sunny April when the kindling clod
Bursts into life,—when orchards are abloom,
When Nature, waken'd by the touch of God,
Shakes off her cerements, rising from the tomb.

'Twas April when old earth again seems young,
The season when man breaths a purer breath;
When sorrow's language seems an unknown tongue,
And in youth's book there's no such word as Death.

But April has its clouds that veil the sun,
Its sullen shadows, flitting now and then
Across the sky, till all seems drear and dun,
Like gloomy thoughts that shade the hopes of men.

Sad night was creeping o'er the Cotswold Hills
Across the footsteps of an April eve,
The forest birds had ceased their merry trills,
And from the land the sun had ta'en his leave.

Stricken by sickness in a silent room,
Nursed by his wife the old explorer lay,
And Retrospection, flashing through the gloom,
Brought back the scenes he loved, far, far away.

"Dear wife, the shades of night are near,
And weird-like clouds are scudding by;
I've watched them come and disappear,
Like grey ghosts flitting o'er the sky,
And while I watched I wander'd far
In waking dreams to that fair land
Where first I followed Fame's bright star,
Through deserts drear and forests grand;
Again I stood, in manhood's prime,
A leader of the gallant few
Who labour'd for the after time,
With dauntless hearts and courage true;
Again beneath the yellow blaze
Of Austral's summer sun we march'd,
Across the plains where Darling strays
Through wildernesses pale and parch'd.
Once more on Murrumbidgee's flood
We swept along—my mates and I,

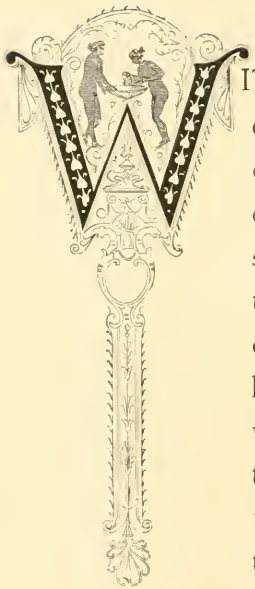
While on the banks the wild men stood
And raised their spears with savage cry.
But one grand object fired my soul,
And God's protecting hand was near
To guide me to the wished-for goal,—
I felt His power and knew not fear.
I was His humble instrument,
His harbinger to lead the way,—
The herald of His grand intent,
With message of His coming day.
I knew that in the wilderness
A prouder Britain soon should rise,
That millions yet unborn would bless
Salvation's emblem in the skies,
Which pointed to the golden shore
Where Peace would rule and Progress reign,
And Plenty keep her richest store,
And commerce sway the southern main.
With thoughts like these, in danger's face
I boldly looked with fearless gaze,
I felt my mission was to trace
New paths through Nature's hidden ways.
Oh! happy hour! when floating through,
By bank and bend and leafy sweep,
The Murray burst upon our view,
And caused our hearts with joy to leap.
Eureka! it is ours at last.
Thank God, we've found the silver key
That can unlock an empire vast,—

And ope a gateway to the sea.
Then floating down by wood and wold,
And islets in fresh verdure drest,
We came to where the Darling rolled
His waters into Murrays breast.
You know the sequel—well 'twas mine
To help to build that thriving State.
Famed for its corn, its wool, and wine—
A future nation proud and great.
'Twas mine to serve my native land
Beneath that man of noble mien,
Who knew the secret of command,
And sway'd the sceptre of our Queen.
He still remains our faithful friend,
Though years have rolled away since then.
Ah! that reminds me, I must send
An answer to his note—A pen,
My love, there's ink and paper here,
My hand is trembling, yet I'll try
To write to him, our friend so dear,
And warmly thank him ere I die.

'Tis finished, I have told him why
I sought some honour from the State,
Some thanks from those in stations high;
He knows I've earn'd a better fate

Than that I've met with, but alas!
I've learned how Governments bestow
Their favours here—but let it pass;
What are distinctions here below,
Compared to those which wait above
For souls that do their duty here;
The light of God's eternal love
To me shall soon make all things clear.
I care not for earth's honours now,
Men's praise is as the passing wind,
I sought a wreath to bind my brow,
For sake of those I leave behind.
Nay, weep not, wife, be not downcast,
Despatch this missive to our friend,
Tell him this letter is my last:
I see the shadow of the End."

THE MARCH OF TE RAUPARAHA.[1]



ITH the exception, perhaps, of the celebrated Ngapuhi chief, Hongi, no Maori warrior, during the present century, was the cause of so much bloodshed as the remarkable subject of the following poem. The Ngatitoa, of which Te Rauparaha was the head occupied, for centuries, the beautiful country lying between Kawhia and Mokau on the western side of the North Island, and though insignificant in point of numbers, when compared with many of the leading tribes around them, they had long been celebrated for their prowess as warriors. About the year 1820, firearms began to be extensively used in native warfare, and the shrewd chief, Rauparaha, seeing the immense advantage which the lucky possessors of these destructive weapons had over their enemies, resolved to capture Kapiti and the country around Wellington, in order to come

[1] Pronounced "Rouprrah".

Bold of heart and strong of hand,
Formed to rule and to command!

into closer communication with the Pakeha traders, who at that time were importing muskets in large quantities from Sydney and England. He conceived the idea of invading the country, and he was strengthened in this resolve by a visit which he paid to Kapiti in company with the renowned warrior, Tamati Waka Nene, who strongly urged him to undertake the expedition. Accordingly he mustered his whole tribe, numbering about 400, and left the land of his forefathers for ever. The scene at the setting out of the expedition was very affecting. The entire tribe gathered on the hill of Moetoa, and wept like children over Kawhia. A short time previous to this, Hape Tuarangi, chief of the Ngatirawkawa, appointed Rauparaha as his successor, his own sons refusing to take the lead; and consequently this and some other tribes were allies, to some extent, of the Ngatitoa, and several of them took part in the expedition. The line of their march lay through Waitara, Hawaka, Taranaki, and Manawatu, at all of which places they fought and conquered, feasted and rested, sweeping hostile tribes before them in all directions, and making hundreds of slaves, whom they kept for their feasts on the march. After capturing Kapiti and the surrounding country, Rauparaha directed his attention of the Middle Island, and invaded it with a strong band of warriors, who carried death and destruction before them. The siege of Kaiapoi, one of the bloodiest battles in the annals of Maori warfare, is still remembered by many of the Middle Island natives, and "Bloody Rauparaha's" memory is yet held in execration by them. A most interesting paper, entitled the "Life and Times of Te Rauparaha," by W. T. L.

Travers, F. L. S., will be found in the "Transactions of the New Zealand Institute, 1872," to which the author of the following poem is indebted for the information which suggested "The March of Te Rauparaha."

THE MARCH OF TE RAUPARAHA.

Rauparaha's war chant,
Rauparaha's fame song,
Rauparaha's story
Told on the harp strings,
Pakeha harp cords
Tuned by the stranger.

Mighty chief of the Ngatitoa,
Sprung from the hero, Hotorua,
First of the braves who left Hawaiki
Over the sea in the great Tainui,[1]
Petrified now by thy shore, Kawhia.
Weird Tainui,
Tapu, Tapu,[2]

[1] The sacred canoe in which the first Maories came from Hawaiki or Hawea.
[2] Sacred, holy.

Tapu, long ere the pale pakeha
Came to the shrine, adored for ages,
Came to the shrine! oh desecration,
Prying into the things forbidden.
Moan the waves,
Moan the waves,
Moan the waves as they wash Tainui,
Moan the waters of dark Kawhia,
Moan the winds as they sweep the gorges,
Wafting the sad laments and wailings
Of the spirit that haunt the mountains—
Warrior souls, whose skeletons slumber
Down in the caverns, lonely and dreary,
Under the feet of the fierce volcano,
Under the slopes of the Awaroa!
Moan the winds,
Moan the winds,
Moan the winds, and waves, and waters,
Moan they over the ages vanished,
Moan they over the tombs of heroes,
Moan they over the mighty chieftains
Sprung from giants of far Hawaiki!
Moan they over the bones of Raka,
Moan they over the Rangatira
Toa, who founded the Ngatitoa!
Moan they over Wera Wera,
Sire of him,
Sire of him,
Sire of him they called Te Rauparaha!

Echoes of the craggy reeks,
Echoes of the rocky peaks,
Echoes of the gloomy caves,
Echoes of the moaning waves,
Echoes of the gorges deep,
Echoes of the winds that sweep
O'er Pirongia's summit steep,
Chant the Rangatira's praise,
Chant it in a thousand lays,
Chant the Rangatira's fame,
Chant the Rangatira's name,
Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha!

Sound his praises far and near,
For his spirit still is here
Flying through the gusty shocks,
When the sea-ghosts climb the rocks
Clad in foam shrouds, thick and pale,
Woven by the howling gale
In the ocean's monster loom!
Warp of green and weft of gloom
Woven into sheets of white
By the wizards of the night;
Chant his name each ocean sprite,
Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha!

No wild hero of romance,
Born in dreamy poet's trance,
    Cradled in some mythic fane,
    Built up in the minstrel's brain
On imagination's plan!—
No such hero was this man,
    He was flesh and blood and bone,
    Standing forth erect, alone,
    High above his fellows known!—
Hist'ry paints what he hath done,
Maori valour's bravest son—
    Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha!

Quick of eye and lithe of limb,
Warriors bent the knee to him!—
    Bold of heart and strong of hand,
    Formed to rule and to command!
Suckled on a breast that gave
Milk of heroes to the brave!—
    Richest fruit of Toa's seed,
    Scion of heroic breed,
    Born to conquer and to lead!
Strongest branch of noblest tree
From Hawaiki o'er the sea,
    Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha!

Wild as eagle, tame as dove,
Fierce in battle, fond in love,
When Maroré, his young bride,
For some sweeter relish sighed—
Some more dainty toothsome dish—
Than the Kamera[1] and fish,
Rushed he, with a chosen band,
To the great Waikato's land,
And procured a relish sweet—
Raunga's flesh was tender meat—
Soon Maroré had a treat,
Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha!

Mothers of Waikato wail,
Spearmen of Waikato quail,
All the deeds that ye have done,
All the glories ye have won,
Pale 'fore Wera Wera's son!
He is master of the field,
To his sway your homage yield,
He has tamed Waikato's pride,
To your whares run and hide!
Fly before his conqu'ring spears—
Bursts his war-cry on your ears,
Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha!

[1] Sweet Potato.

Te Taurangi, dying, said:
"Who shall lead when I am dead?
Who shall prove my people's might
On the war-path, in the fight?
Will my sons not take my place,
Guard the honour of my race?"
Silent were the chiefs and men
The *Ariki*[1] spake again:—
"Who will now my station fill?"
All the chiefs were silent still:—
Cried a voice; "I will, I will."
Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha!

"Listen to your chief, ye braves,
Kapiti, by distant waves,
Where the pakeha's canoes
Laden with the fire-spears cruise,
Shall be *utu*[2] for our dead!—
Valiant Waka Nené said—
As he there stood close by me
On the coast: 'Oh, Raha,[3] see
That great people sailing free,
With your tribe to them draw nigh,
And your enemies shall fly.'"
Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha!

1 Head chief, First-born, Priest. 2 Reward, satisfaction.
3 Great, open, extended.

"Oh, my people, let us go
Where the distant waters flow,
Leave Kawhia unto those
Who no longer are our foes!
Great Te Wherowhero, stay,
Guard our land when we're away,
From Kapiti's distant shore
To this land we'll come no more;
Bring our axes, mats, and spears,
Onward, onward, conquest cheers,
On Kawhia leave our tears,"
Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha!

Beneath the purple canopy of morn
That hung above Kawhia's placid sheet
Of waters crystalline, arose on high
The golden shield of God, on azure field,
With crimson tassels dipping in the sea!
And from its burnished face a shower of rays
Shot up the hills and gilt their spires and peaks
In lambent sheen, until the turrets seemed
Like precious ornaments of purest gold
On mighty altars raised by giant priests
In olden times, to offer sacred fire
As sacrifice unto the Fount of Light,
From whence the planets and the myriad stars

Drink their effulgence!
In the wild ravines
And gorges deep, the limpid babbling creeks
Sang matins, as they left their mother hills
To mingle in united waters, where
They lost their little selves, and merged in one
Pellucid flood that gathered stronger life
From day to day! as God's great Human Church,
Now building on the earth, shall gather all
The little sects and creeds and small beliefs
That split mankind into a thousand parts,
And merge them in one universal flood
Of boundless charity.
The dazzling points
Of morning's lances pierced the bursting hearts
Of all the flow'rets on the fertile slopes,
And waked the red Kowhai's drops from sleep,
And shook the dew-beads from the Rata's lids,
Until its blossoms opened up their breasts
And gave their fragrance to the early breeze
That played among the Koromiko's leaves,
And stole the rich Tawhiri's sweet perfume,
And strung the flax-leaves into merry tune
To woo the Bell-bird from his nest, to ring
The Tui up to sing his morning hymns.
The scene was made for man, not savage man,
The cunningest of brutes, the crafty king
Of beasts! but Man, the Spiritualized,
With all the light of knowledge in his brain,

With all the light of love within his heart!
And yet they were but savages who stood
On Moeatoa's hill, above the scene,
Mere savages, a step beyond the brute!
But still there were bright sparks of God-lit fire
Within their breasts! they loved their native vales
With heart and soul! for they had hearts and souls
Far nobler than some milk-faced races who
Have basked 'neath Calv'ry's sun for ages long,
And yet lie grov'lling in the nation's rear,
With hearts encased in earth too coarse and hard
For Calv'ry's glorious light to penetrate.
Poor savages that Orient had not yet
Shed its benignant rays upon their souls,
To melt the dross that dragged them down to earth
In carnal bonds! they knew not yet the road
To reach the standard of their better selves.
Yet they were men in all save this! brave men
With patriots' hearts, for as they stood and gazed
O'er fair Kawhia's waters, hills and vales
That stretched unto the sea, o'er which their sires
In ages past sailed from Hawaiki's shores,
The tears ran down their tatooed cheeks, and sobs
Welled from their bosoms, for they loved the land
With all the love intense a Maori feels
For childhood's home! The hist'ry of their tribe
Was written there on every rock and hill
That sentinelled the scene, for these had known
Their deeds of prowess, and their fathers' deeds

Of valour! And the caverns held the bones
Of those from whom they'd sprung! Their legends wild,
And weird traditions, chained them to the place,
And ere they burst those links of love, they gave
A long sad look on each familiar spot
And wailed above Kawhia's lovely vale.

"Oh! Kawhia, remain,
Cavern, gorge, and bay,
Valley and hill and plain,
We are going away.

"Oh! Kawhia, remain,
Take our tears and our sighs;
Spirits of heroes slain,
Rise up from Reinga,[1] rise.

„Oh! Kawhia, remain,
With thee, Tawhaki,[2] stay,
Long may he o'er thee reign —
We are going away."

[1] Abode of departed spirits.
[2] A hero god.

"Enough, enough of childish grief,
Ready, ready for the fray,
March behind your mighty chief,
Chant aloud the battle-lay.

"Away, away with tears and sighs,
Water stains the warrior's eyes,
Conquest is the hero's prize,
Te Rauparaha is here.

"Away, away with sighs and tears,
Raise your war-cry, point your spears,
Onward, onward, vict'ry cheers,
Te Rauparaha is here.

"Away, away each plaintive wail,
Only cowards whine and quail,
Sniff we blood upon the gale,
Te Rauparaha is here.

"Warriors march, warriors march,
On, on, on to Kapiti.
Pillage and slay,
Away and away,
On, on, on to Kapiti.

Warriors march, warriors march,
On, on, on to Kapiti.
Scour every plain,
Feast on the slain,
On, on, on to Kapiti."

March the warriors ahead,
Conquest in their fiery eyes,
Haughty Tutakara's dead,
Ngatimaniapoto flies!
False Te Wherowhero's band,
Left to guard Kawhia's land,
Steal like robbers in the night,
Steal like dogs upon the brave!
Ha! they're vanquished in the fight,
Crushed beneath the hero's might;
Cries their chief— "Oh, Raha, save
My people!" False Waikato, run,
Dim not Ngatitoa's sun!
Ho! the feast has now begun,
Heroes, sit ye down and eat,
This Waikato flesh is sweet.
By the banks of Taupo's flood
Valiant Whatanui stays!
Whatanui's words are good,
Speaks he in our chieftain's praise.
Taranaki's hills are passed,
The Waitot'ra's reached at last.

Now our Rangatira reigns
Lord of Wanganui's plains.

Treach'rous Muapoko sends
Greetings unto Rauparaha—
"Raha, we are faithful friends,
Come, oh come, unto our Pa,
You can take and you can use
Muapoko's war canoes."
See base Toheriro creeps
From the wharè where the chief,
Unsuspicious, dreams and sleeps.
Ha! he wakes, and madly leaps
Through thè darkness; shriek and wail
Tell to him the bloody tale
Of his slaughtered kinsmen! grief
Fills the hero's bosom. Ho!
Traitor dogs, ye soon shall know
What it is to thus betray
Ngatitoa's chief; your foe
He is now by night and day.
Soon your leader's bones shall bleach
White by Rangitiki's flood:
Let your women scream and screech,
Ngatitoa claims your blood!
Vengeance now, Waipata falls,
Vengeance now, Waikeikei's walls

Tumble! bursting breach on breach,
Ngatitoa's warriors rush,
Red with vict'ry's crimson flush.

Ngatitoa rules supreme.
Kapiti is conquered now—
Do I sleep, or do I dream?
See! a thousand axes gleam,
And a thousand spears, I trow,
Held in strong avenging hands,
Point to Ngatitoa's bands.
Wanganui's warriors strong,
Turakina's spearmen bold,
Sweep like hurricane along
With Patea's men, enrolled
With Waipounamus[1] fierce throng,
To uproot usurping power.
Luckless day and luckless hour
That ye met, and dared to face
Ngatitoa's conqu'ring race.
Wairoa's stream is red
With the life-springs of your dead;
Wairoa's beach is strewn
With the bodies of your slain—
Rauparaha shall rule alone,
Victory is his again!
Make the song of triumph known,
Till the hills give back refrain.

[1] Middle Island.

"The sea rushed up with plunging shocks,
Kapai![1] Rauparaha!
To claim the land and beat the rocks,
Kapai! Rauparaha!
The rocks stood firm and broke the waves;
So stood the Ngatitoa braves—
Ngatitoa's foes are slaves,
Kapai! Rauparaha!

"The stars came out to match the sun,
Kapai! Rauparaha!
To claim the crown that he had won,
Kapai! Rauparaha!
The sun shot forth its brightest rays,
And quenched the stars in fiery blaze;
Then chant the Ngatitoa's praise,
Kapai! Rauparaha!

"The Tuis came the Hawk to kill,
Kapai! Rauparaha!
And yet the Hawk is living still,
Kapai! Rauparaha!
The Hawk can soar, the Hawk can fight—
The Tuis tried to stay his flight—
The Hawk shall have a feast to-night,
Kapai! Rauparaha!"

[1] Good.

The conqueror's red eyes are now fixed on the distant coast,
For news has reached the victor's ears of Rerawhaka's boast,
That he, with tooth of shark, would rip Te Rauparaha in twain.
The hero cannot rest until this braggart chief is slain.
The war canoes are ready, and the warriors are here;
From Rangitoto, flushed with pride, to Kaikoura they steer.
Three hundred braves have landed, and sweep upon their foes,
As fiercely as the cataracts fed by Mount Una's snows
Sweep wild through Spencer's mountain cleft, and down through Ada's vale!
The dying shrieks in chorus harsh are borne upon the gale.
Te Rauparaha has waded deep in boastful foemen's gore,
And Rerawhaka's bones shall bleach on far Kapiti's shore.
Full fourteen hundred victims have been conquered in the fray—
The *Niho Manga*[1] shall be famed in legend and in lay
For evermore, for there was tamed proud Rerawhaka's pride;
But Kaiapoi is defended still, and strongly fortified—
Te Pehi has been slaughtered within its treacherous walls—
The Ngatitoa cannot rest until base Kaiapoi falls.

Fierce and fast, fierce and fast
Rush the Ngatitoa men,
Now the outer works they've passed—
Now they're beaten back again.

[1] Battle of the Shark's tooth.

Bullets fly, bullets fly,[1]
Valiant men of battle fall,
Still the force within defy
Ngatitoa, chief and all.

Through the swamp, through the swamp
Comes Taiaroa to their aid;
Rush the outposts, fire the camp,
Burn each fence and palisade.

Through the fire and through the smoke,
Swiftly Ngatitoa broke
With a scream and a yell;
And the glare and the flare
Of the fire-tongues in the air,
Flung a demoniac light
On the horrors of the fight;
And the children in affright,
And the women in despair,
Shrieked for mercy, but in vain.
And the blazing timbers threw
A ghastly lurid hue
On the wounded and the slain.

[1] Muskets and other European weapons were used at the siege of Kaiapoi.

And as the fierce light gleamed
On the warriors, they seemed
Like fiends unloosed from hell.
A struggle, fierce and short,
And the keepers of the fort
Were slaughtered for the feast,
And the red sun in the west
Went down as Kaipaoi fell.

"Tangi,[1] tangi o'er the dead,
Kapai! Rauparaha!
Make the ovens hot and red,
Kapai! Rauparaha!
Death, and bondage, and disgrace
Come to all who dare to face
Ngatitoa's conqu'ring race,
Kapai! Rauparaha!

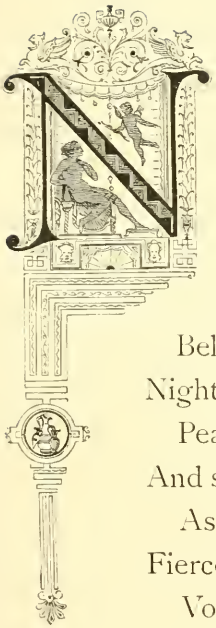
"Slaves should have but little words,
Kapai! Rauparaha!
Little songs for little birds,
Kapai! Rauparaha!
Little Tuis should not try
With their little wings to fly
Where the Hawk is perched on high,
Kapai! Rauparaha!

[1] Shout, cry.

"Come, O sea! and don't refuse
Kapai! Rauparaha!
Treasure-laden war canoes,
Kapai! Rauparaha!
All are conquered, all is won,
Wera Wera's mighty son
Rauparaha's great march is done,
Kapai! Rauparaha!"

TARAWERA.

(June 10th, 1886.)



IGHT, Sleep, and Silence brooded o'er the place;
Their dark-brow'd sister, Death, crouched close at hand,
The moon gave one sad glance, then hid her face
Behind the sombre clouds that draped the land.
Night, Sleep, and Silence fled: A roar! A quake!
Peal after peal of thunder! Flakes of smoke—
And strong convulsions made the mountains shake,
As if from dungeons deep the Titans broke.
Fierce tongues of fire shot up to lap the clouds,
Volcanoes belch'd their lava in the air,
Jagged projectiles tore the sable shrouds
That veil'd the moon; while through the gloom and glare
Whirlwinds of meteors shot round and round,
And blood-red dragons, yoked to blazing cars,
Bursting from Tartarus, with frantic bound,
Plunged on through thunder bolts and lightning bars.

Pregnant with horror, from the Stygian deep
Rolled out in columns dense Hell's sulph'rous fumes,
And over Tarawera's highest steep
Enfranchised demons waved their flaming plumes.
The waters shriek'd, and crash'd the mountain's wall
In boiling cauldrons, roaring in their rage;
Deep chasm and vortex yawn'd and swallow'd all
The wonders that had lived through many an age.
How small is man—how feeble his distress?—
When Nature's evil passions are up-stirr'd,
Poor human atoms sink to nothingness,
Their agonising cries are all unheard.
Unheard by us below; but far above
The earthquake's thunder, there are mansions where
The tones of anguish and the notes of love,
The cry for mercy, and the fervent prayer
Rise o'er the groans of mountains. God can hear
His children's earnest pleadings; He can see
The mother bending o'er her darling's bier—
The suff'ring spirit struggling to be free.
A flying thought! Are human souls the same,
Nathless the hue and texture of the skin?
We prize the picture and regard the frame
Just as we do the case for that within.
If pure and shapely—be it black or white—
It matters not the outside of the mould;
The diamond set in copper shines as bright
As that encircled in the finest gold.
Upon the morning of that fearful day

God's handmaid, Duty, saw brave spirits shine,
She noted not the colour of the clay
That held such souls; she saw the ray divine
Which flash'd in noble deeds, and won a crown
Of highest worth—a costly diadem—
Their's for all future time is true renown;
Angels shall praise and men shall honour them.
They're with us yet; but should we mourn the dead?
Weep if you will—tears sometimes bring relief—
Sorrow is ours to-day, not theirs, who've fled—
Beyond the grave they know not earthly grief.
The world will soon forget them;—race on race
In quick succession move across life's plain.
Others shall come, but we cannot replace
That 'witching scene—*it* will not come again.
Why should we wonder if so sad a change
Should call the *Taipo* up—the weird canoe,
With ghostly warriors? Ay, the story 's strange,
But stranger stories still are sometimes true.
When ruin hangs above his native earth,
The patriot's spirit 'scapes to see once more
The hallow'd scenes around his place of birth—
The hills and vales and lakes he loved of yore.
When Tarawera trembled to her base,
And shook the bones of heroes in her womb,
The chiefs took mortal shape to warn their race
Of coming danger and impending doom.
Oh, fairy wonderland of love and light,
Where long ago wild cascades fell asleep

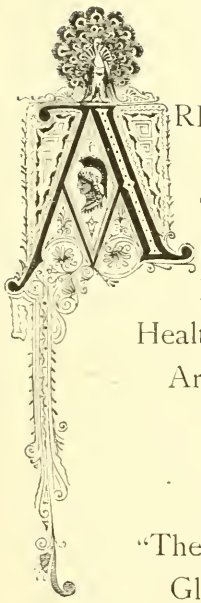
In Parian beds of sculptured stalactite,
And dreamed themselves away in curve and sweep!
Oh, frescoed fountains! Oh prismatic sheen!
Oh iridescent showers of diamond spray!
Oh, lake cerulean set in richest green!
Oh, glories traced in pink and white and grey!
Oh, hallow'd spot, whose grandeur filled the soul
With thoughts sublime—with reverence and awe;
Whose altars grand were carved with many a scroll,
Quaint hieroglyphics of some mystic law!
Vanished! we cannot realise the thought.
Has wilful Nature, in a frenzied flight,
Heap'd ruin on the lov'liness she wrought—
Destroyed her work of ages in a night?
Weird transformation! terrible recast!
Where order reigned is heard confusion's roar.
Fierce devastation buries all the past—
All is chaotic riot—nothing more.

Sabbath bells

are tolling, tolling,

"Come and worship, come and pray."

IN THE TEMPLE.



RISE! arise from thy sluggish dreams,"
Softly whispered my soul unto me;
"Bountiful Nature her treasure teems
Over wood, mountain, valley and lea;
Earth has opened her pores to the sun,
Health and wealth through her arteries run;
Arise! let us go to the Temple.

"The priestess, Spring, on her altars green,
Glorifies God in her morning dress;
Nature, attired in vernal sheen,
Leads up her child to the sun's caress;
God is breathing through her on the hills,
His voice is heard through the brooks and rills;—
Arise! let us go to the Temple.

"Others may look for the Light above,
Through narrow cages of wood and stone,
Cabined within from the rays of Love!
Up on the hills we're nearer the Throne.
This is the Sabbath, and I am free,"
Softly whispered my soul unto me,
"Arise! let us go to the Temple."

AT MATINS.

I followed my spirit up the steps of the mighty altars,
Draped in brightest green, rising o'er the sea;
I gazed through the open bodice of Spring, and saw her bosom
Swelling with rich nutrition and pouring
Earth's milk in streams prolific over hedges, meads and orchards,
Leaving its perfumed cream on the hawthorn;
I saw the pink tint of her healthy cheeks on the fresh heath beds
Where she had rested all through the winter;
I saw the impress of her rosy lips on the banks and slopes
Where she had kissed the tears from the flowerets;
I saw rich threads of her golden hair on the wild broom and furze—
Her yellow ringlets on the wattle-trees;
I saw her invested with her sacred robes, standing erect
On topmost step of the highest altar;

I watched her swinging her golden censers to the azure dome,
And as the fragrant incense mounted high
The mighty organ, worked by Ocean-sprites, boomed grand and solemn
Through the lofty Temple, and Nature's choir
Of birds and insects, brooks and zephyrs, burst forth in melody,
And praised the Omnipresent God in song:—

"Spirit of Omnipotence,
Mystic Soul of every sense,
Truth sublime and Love intense,
Nature smiles before Thee;
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
All the Seasons to Thee bring
Tribute; Lord of everything,
Father, we adore Thee.

"Centre of Eternal Light,
Nature's forces all unite
Praising Thee, the Infinite,—
Nothing shall ignore Thee.
Take, Oh! Power that gave us birth,
All our music and our mirth,
All the sweetness of the earth—
Father, we adore Thee.

"Framer of Creation's laws,
Source of all that is, and was,
And shall be—Omnipresent Cause,
There is no King o'er Thee.
Thou art still the First and Last;
Thou art Future, Present, Past,
Builder of this Temple vast,—
Father, we adore Thee."

Sabbath bells are tolling, tolling:
"Come and worship, come and pray."
Ocean's mighty voice is rolling
Solemn chants from far away;
Rills and brooks and birds are singing
Nature's psalms and hymns and glees,
And the morning breeze is swinging
Censers on the orchard trees.
Little churches, little steeples,
Little souls and little hearts,
Little nations, little peoples,
Actors playing little parts;
After all we're very little,
Very little after all.
In the Temple of Creation,
Brothers, we are very small.

In the Temple of Creation,
Soaring to the speckless dome,
Seek our souls their destination,
Dreaming of a future home;
'Mongst the bright, the pure, the stainless,
In the realms of bliss and mirth,
Ah! our spirits are not chainless,
They are fettered still to earth.
Little tricks and little treasons,
Little hates and little spites,
Little months and little seasons,
Little days and little nights.
After all we're very little,
Very little after all.
In the Temple of Creation,
Brothers, we are very small.

Soul and mind, and sense and feeling,
Watch, upon the mountain's brow,
Nature, in her prime, revealing
All her vernal treasures now.
From his throne, old Sol, the gilder,
Greets us with a warm caress;
Worshipping the Temple's Builder,
We can feel our nothingness.

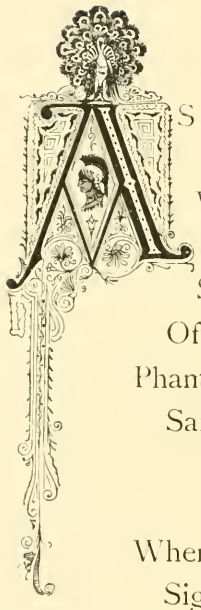
Little sorrows, little troubles,
Little griefs and little joys,
Little castles, little bubbles,
Little towers and little toys;
After all we're very little,
Very little after all.
In the Temple of Creation,
Brothers, we are very small.

AT VESPERS.

Above the Temple's shrines, and altars bold,
Night's silver lamp hung high with fullest face,
And shed refulgent showers of borrowed gold
O'er vale and forest; and the russet hills
Looked at their shadows in the placid bay,
Upon whose breast rich beams of mellow light
Fell softly down, and merry wavelets danced
Upon the shafts that stretched themselves athwart
The tranquil food. The laughing ripplets seemed
(Whilst shimm'ring in the glory of the moon)
Like breeze-stirred edges of a gilded tome;
The brooklets, running down the deep ravines,
Sang merry carols with playful reeds,

And zephyrs stirred the flax-leaves into tune!
And up the gullies, from the cold white beach
That stretched along the borders of the sea,
The Ocean's organ with its deep-toned boom,
Called up the wand'ring spirits of the main;
And all the breakers in their snowy robes—
White-surpliced choristers—in solemn chant
Burst forth into a chorus wild and grand,
In Nature's untranslated language old—
The tongue in which God spake ere Moses heard
His voice on Sinai's Mount—ere Abram's flocks
Were spread on Moreh's plain—ere Noah dwelt
Within the ark—ere Adam ate the fruit
Of good and evil—ere old Nature hid
Her secrets 'neath the deep Silurian seas—
The tongue in which the words, "Let there be light,"
Burst on the startled Universe, and swept
Ten thousand worlds across the boundless dome
Of God's majestic Temple, there to shine
Resplendent lamps for ever round His throne.

THE OTHER SIDE.



AS we watch the deep grey shadows
Stealing upwards from the west,
When the flow'rets in the meadows
Lock their pearls and go to rest,
Soaring far beyond the real,
Oft we view on fancy's tide
Phantom crews, in boats ideal,
Sailing from the other side.

When the midnight gusts are sighing—
Sighing through the saplings tall,
Tapers dim, and embers dying,
Paint weird shadows on the wall,
Treasured forms start up before us,
Softly through the room they glide,
And we hear, in loving chorus,
Voices from the other side.

Who shall say, in vile derision,
"There is nought but clod to clod?"
Slavelings of a stunted vision,
Ye cannot discover God.
Fenced within your narrow hedges,
Truth ye have not yet descried—
Ye have no immortal pledges
Coming from the other side.

REQUIESCAT.

(August 1th, 1880.)

THE city nestles by the bay,
Reposing in her Sabbath sleep;
The people dream of God, and pray,
For 'tis the Spirit's special day,
And peace lies over land and deep.

The hills are flushing, fresh and bright,
Beneath the sun of early spring,
The green turns yellow, pink, and white,
And through the ferns, with new delight,
The birds and brooklets gaily sing.

The silent, glassy sheet below
Shows every hill its face and form,

And ocean, with its skirts of snow,
Steals up the beach, and murmurs low
A dream-song of the sleeping storm.

Edina of the South! I stand,
Entranced by harmonies that melt
In euphony sublime and grand,
And watch the sweep of sea and land
That girds thee in a lovely belt.

And as I gaze o'er land and sea
My thoughts swell through the wide expanse;
I map a future out for thee,
Fair city, and thy great "To be"
Lives in a swift prophetic glance.

I see the stately vessels ride
At anchor on the placid sheet
Of land-locked waves; from far and wide
They bring across Pacific's tide
The wealth of nations to thy feet.

Enriched with all the pride of Art
I see thee in thy future dress;
I hear from mansion and from mart
The cheerful hum of progress start,
As onward still thy children press.

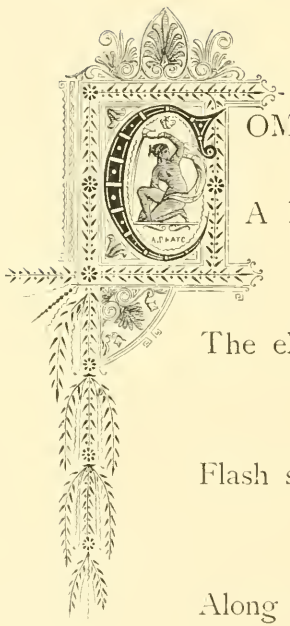
Again, I see thee in the hush
Of Sabbath calm, and hear the swell
Of Nature's psalms through tree and bush,
From tui, blackbird, finch and thrush,
And brooklet rippling down the dell.

Thy glory is not yet, but still
The seed of greatness here is sown;
Thy beauties all my senses fill
To rich repletion; on this hill
I feel a king upon his throne.

O, tranquil calm! exalting rest!
The storm in season due shall rave,
But yet 'tis wise to make the best
Of sunbeams while they last; we're blest
While peace keeps watch o'er passion's grave.

On days, like this, when buds have birth,
  Our souls instinctively arise
From all the petty cares of earth,
And on the airy wings of mirth
  Soar Godward through the sapphire skies.

A WINTER LYRIC.



COME harp of mine
And let's entwine
A love-wreath round thy chords so light;
The storm-sprites rave
O'er vault and grave,
The elements are drunk to-night;
Behold the Lord's
Red flaming swords
Flash scabbardless across the clouds,
And from the deep
The sea-ghosts leap
Along the beach in snowy shrouds;
Then sing with me
A song of glee,
My soul is filled with wildest mirth;
'Tis just the time
To chant and chime
The praise of our old Mother Earth.

Faithful harp, I feel thy strings
  Trembling as my fingers play,
And the wailing wind that sings
  Through the crannies joins our lay;
And methinks weird sprites on wings
  Hover round the house, and say:
"Death alone affection brings—
  True love lives in clay to clay."

Loving harp! the truth is told,
  Mother Earth is true and tried.
In her bosom's faithful fold
  Slumber soundly, side by side,
Peer and peasant, young and old,
  Slaves of poverty and pride.
Ah! her heart is true as gold,
  And her love is deep and wide.

Harp of mine! again, again
  Warm pulsations fondly stray
O'er thy chords—whilst wind and rain
  'Gainst the windows sing and say:
"Woman's heart is false and vain,
  Lovers' vows are light as spray,
Faithless maid and foolish swain,
  True love lives in clay to clay."

Then sing with me,
Right merrily,
The praises of our Mother kind;
Her heart is pure,
Her love is sure,
To all our faults and follies blind.
She gives us rest
Upon her breast,
And these poor mortal shells of ours
She purifies,
And we arise
To live again in buds and flowers.
Then sing with me
A song of glee,
My soul is filled with wildest mirth;
'Tis just the time
To chant and chime
The praise of our old Mother Earth.

A shower
of molten silver falling down
An em'rald moss-clad precipice of rock.

THE WATERFALL.

NICHOL'S CREEK.

ALONG the wooded glen to where the creek
Brings down the mountain's music to the plains,
I come to hear a sermon and a song
From Nature's tuneful throat, which ever tells
God's living truths to mortals who have ears
To drink the sacred sounds.
Above my head
Umbrageous plants in wild luxuriance grow
On either side, and stretch across the gorge
To tie the hills in leafy knots of love.
Through foliage thick, of varied-tinted green,
Rich-feathered foresters, in wildest glee,
Chirp, trill, and twitter.
Ferns of every shade,
'Broider'd and scollop'd 'yond the power of art,
In tens of thousands deck the rocky walls
That hold the mountains back against the sky,

And give the fluent stream an open course
To bring its sweetness to the lands below.
And now, with admiration, I behold
A shower of molten silver falling down
An em'rald moss-clad precipice of rock,
That stands a buttress to the central steep
Where range links range in strong volcanic chain,
Forged in the olden times; and as I gaze
Up through the argent spray-mist and the leaves
My spirit listens to the cascade's song:

"Falling, falling,
Streaming, teeming,
I am the child of the sun and the snow;
Falling, falling,
Ocean is calling,
Rolling along to its bosom I go.

"A white virgin up on the hill-tops was dreaming,
A golden-haired king saw the couch where she lay;
Her heart melted soon when his bright eye was beaming;
She gave me to him, but I've wandered away.
Gliding, hiding,
Springing, singing,
I am the child of the sun and the snow;
Falling, falling,
Ocean is calling,
Rolling along to its bosom I go.

"I am the offspring of brightness and purity,
Of chastity cold, and of passionate love;
Whirling along to the depths of futurity,
And bearing God's messages down from above.
Glancing, dancing,
Sweeping, leaping,
I am the child of the sun and the snow;
Falling, falling,
Ocean is calling,
Rolling allong to its bosom I go.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

THREE half-score years ago,—no more,—
Since Godley stood upon the shore,
A leader of the Pilgrims bold,
Who framed the New upon the Old,
And stamp'd the Old upon the New,
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.

Three half-score years—and can this be?
'Tis but a ripple on the sea
Of Time;—Oh! what a wondrous change,
Since o'er the ridge of yonder range
Hope led the Pilgrims, firm and true,
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.

They saw, from yonder mountain's brow,
Plains yearning for the spade and plough;
And where the naked rivers ran,

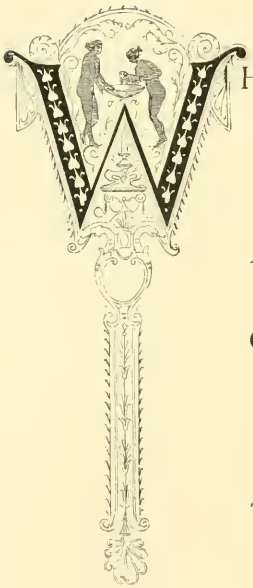
Vales waiting to be dressed by man:
Their help all Nature seemed to woo.
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.

They gave the breeze that fann'd the foam
Sweet farewell sighs to carry Home;—
But though old Albion was dear,
They saw a fairer England here
Awaiting them, the dauntless few,
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.

Behold their work! Revere their names!
Green pictures set in golden frames,
Around the City of the Stream,
Fulfil the Pilgrims' brightest dream;
With them a fairer England grew
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.

THE TIMARU WRECKS.

(1882.)



WHO are Earth's heroes? Who are they that claim
A shrine immortal in their country's breast,
A niche within the citadel of fame,
Or, higher still, a home among the blest?
One answers: "They are those who in the fight
Win heav'n's approval and the world's applause;
The men who die for justice and for right—
The men who bleed for freedom's holy cause."
Another answers: "Heroes lead the van
Of Peace and Progress in the march of mind,
And spread God's treasures at the feet of man,
And shed the rays of knowledge o'er their kind."
Ay, these and those are heroes, true and brave,
Whose deeds and words are treasured fond and fast—

Whose memories are untarnished by the grave;
Heroes who build the future on the past,
And raise a stately edifice above
The Gulf of Ages, filled with blood and tears,
A human temple round whose shrine of love
All men shall gather in the coming years.
But there are other heroes on the earth—
Heroes who often sow, but seldom reap
The seed of glory till the Second Birth;
Heroes who often sink and fall asleep
In duty's arms, unnoticed and unknown—
Heroes who for their fellows nobly die,
Heroes whose dirge is ocean's solemn moan,
Mingled with orphan's sob and widow's sigh.
Such are the heroes whom we honour here,
Men who have passed on to the light beyond,
And those they held in life most true and dear
Appeal to us for aid—shall we respond?
What were their deeds? We open up the scene—
Behold a spreading city by the sea,
Belted by sunny slopes and plains of green,
And skirted by the foam of breakers free,
That leap and dance for joy along the shore,
Racing like white-haired children on the sand,
Babbling their mother ocean's mystic lore,
Whisp'ring her secrets to the silent land.
A Sabbath calm is resting o'er the place,
And souls are soaring upward from their clay;
Celestial smiles gild Nature's tranquil face.

And Thought flies far above life's little day.
Out on the sleeping waves tall vessels ride
At anchor: all is calm. Ah! will it last?
"Look yonder, look! here comes a storm-spent tide;
The murmuring fury of the distant blast
Sweeps in upon us. God! we're lost, we're lost!
The boats! the boats! Now pull for land and life!"
They're off! they're safe! they land! though billows tossed,
And breakers dashed around them in the strife.
But lo! along the shore the cry is raised,
"Man, man the life-boat!"—and a willing band
Rush forward at the call. The crowd, amazed,
Behold the gallant fellows leave the land,
And plunge through seething surf and furious foam.
"Hurrah! hurrah! God speed ye, gallant hearts!"
Ah! well might they exclaim, "God speed ye home!"
God took them home: the tear of pity starts,
But not for those who went, but those who weep
For husbands vanished and for fathers gone;
Be ours the task to honour them that sleep,
By helping those they loved, now left alone;
Be ours the task—nay, friends, 'tis not a task,
It is a debt of duty we've to pay;
God speaks to us when babes and widows ask;
We hear His voice in theirs, and we obey.

The Maoris in crowds, with a yell
and a rush, Encompassed us

Geo. F. Fodor

M'GILLVIRAY'S DREAM.

A FOREST-RANGER'S STORY.

JUST nineteen long years, Jack, have passed o'er my shoulders
Since close to this spot we lay waiting the foe;
Ay, here is the mound where brave Percival moulders,
And yonder's the place where poor Norman lies low;
'Twas only a skirmish—just eight of our number
Were stretch'd on the sward when the fighting was done;
We scooped out their beds, and we left them to slumber,
The bold-hearted fellows went down with the sun.

The month was October—young Summer was peeping
Through evergreen forests where Spring, still supreme,
Spread all the rich tints that she had in her keeping

On tree, shrub, and bush, while each brooklet and stream
With babblings of joy ran along to the river—
But, hang it, old man, I am going too far;
I talk as I used to when from Cupid's quiver
Flew darts of affection my bosom to scar.
I'm not much at poetry, Jack, though I've written
Some nonsense in verse when my heart was aglow
With what they call love—have you ever been smitten
By some artful minx who deceived you? What, No?
By Jove, you've been lucky; but, Jack, I'm digressing.
Our quarters were here, under Lusk, and we made
Our camp in the church without asking a blessing;
This place is still known as the Mauku Stockade.[1]
I'd fought with Von Tempsky along the Waikato;
I'd seen the green banks of that fair river dyed
With British blood, red as the plumes of the rata
When Spring scatters scarlet drops thick in her pride.
I cared not for danger, and fighting was pleasure,
The life of a Ranger was one of romance—
A dare-devil fool ever ready to measure
A savage's length with my rifle. 'Twas chance
That sent me among them; I liv'd but for glory;
My comrades were all of good mettle and true,
And one was a hero; I'll tell you his story—
God rest poor M'Gillviray—brave-hearted Hugh!

[1] On October 23rd, 1863, a skirmish took place at Mauku Stockade, in which the subject of this poem and seven others were killed.

I knew him for years, Jack, and shoulder to shoulder
He stood by me often when swift leaden hail
Whizzed close to our ears. Ah! old man, I was bolder
In those valiant days than I'm now. To my tale:—
The morning was gloomy, and Hugh sat beside me;
We'd chumm'd in together for two years or more;
I found him a brick, and he said when he tried me
In front of the foe, "Bill, you're true to the core!"
Enough, we were friends, and in trouble or danger
We stuck by each other in camp and in fray.
How often we find in the breast of a stranger
The heart of a kind brother throbbing away
With warmest affection, responsive and tender—
Hugh's breast had a tenant like this, and I knew
In him I'd a brother, a friend, a defender,
Prepared for whatever a brave man might do.
The morning was dark, and the outlook was dreary;
I noticed my comrade was sitting alone,
All thoughtful, disconsolate, pallid, and weary,
"Why, where has the gladness of yesterday flown?

Come, tell me, Hugh, why you are gloomy this morning;
What change has come over my light-hearted mate?
You've not"—and I laughed—"had a Banshee's death-warning;
Have Brownies or Goblins been sealing your fate?"

He turned his pale face, while his eyes, full of sorrow,
Met mine, and it seemed like the gaze of the dead;
I spoke once again: "Hugh, we'll meet them to-morrow,
Fierce Rewi is coming this way." Then he said—

"Why am I sad? Ah! comrade kind,
We cannot tell why shadows fall
Across the soul and o'er the mind;
We cannot tell why dreams recall
Old scenes endear'd by mem'ry's spell,
Old haunts where love and sorrow met,
Old spots where airy castles fell,
And hope's young sun for ever set;
We cannot tell why thought should leap
Across the ocean's wide expanse,
And through the telescope of sleep
Review the dead years at a glance;
We cannot tell—— But why should I
Philosophize? We know we're here,
And for the wherefore and the why,
That problem suits the sage and seer,
But not the soldier. Listen, mate—
I'm not a coward, for I've stood
Full face to face with death, and fate
Has led me safe through scenes of blood;

But now my hour is drawing nigh,
  Life's battle now is nearly done,
For me to-morrow's arching sky
  Shall canopy no rising sun."

"Why, comrade, you but jest," I said;
  "You shouldn't joke with me, you know;
To-morrow's sun shall shine o'erhead,
  And see us watching for the foe."

"Nay, comrade, we must part to-day.
  A hand has beckon'd through the gloom,
And signalled me away, away
  To brighter realms beyond the tomb;
You smile and count me as a slave
  Of superstition—be it so;
My vision stretches o'er the grave;
  I travel where you cannot go.
Ah! friend, you were not nursed beneath
  The Highland hills, where every glen
Is filled with those who've conquer'd death—
  Is tenanted with ghosts of men.

Ah! friend, your feet have never trod
The mighty Bens, whose summits grim
Approach the starry gates of God,
Where heaven grows bright and earth gets dim.
The legendary lore that clings
Round Highland hearts you have not felt,
Nor yet the weird imaginings
Which stir the spirit of the Celt.
Well, hear my story—listen, pray,
And I'll explain why I am sad
And in a downcast mood to-day.
You smile again and deem me mad,—
Last night I was again a boy
Light-hearted 'mong my native hills,
Fill'd with a bright, ecstatic joy,
And pure as my own mountain rills;
I stood beneath old Monagh Leagh,[1]
Nor far from rugged Dumnaglass,
And in the distance I could see
Wild Farracagh's romantic Pass;
A monarch proud, a youthful king,
Alone with nature there I stood,
At peace with God and everything,
For all His works seemed fair and good;
But best and fairest of them all
Was she who came to meet me there,—
I little thought dreams could recall
Those silken waves of sunny hair,

[1] The grey mountain.

That tender smile, those eyes of blue,
The magic of whose flashing glance
Inflamed my soul with love, and threw
A glamour round me;—joyous trance!
We met last night just as of old,
And Elsie nestled by my side,
While playing with each tress of gold
I whispered, 'Lassie, be my bride.'
The sweet soft answer came—why dwell
On that dear moment of delight?
Our heaven was in that Highland dell,
Where all seemed beautiful and bright.
We parted, and my dreaming soul
On fancy's pinions forward flew
O'er five short years, and reached the goal
That love and hope had kept in view.
Oh, joyous day! a merry throng
Were gathered on the Clachan green,
The villagers, with dance and song,
Held jubilee; that happy scene
Is treasured in my memory still.
I hold again that little hand;
I hear the whispered word, 'I will!'
I lead her through that cheerful band,
While Donald Beg,[1] and Fergus Mohr,[2]
And Angus Dhu[3]—the pipers three—

[1] Little Donald.
[2] Big Fergus.
[3] Black Angus.

Strike up, while marching on before,
The pibroch of M'Gillviray.
Oh! how the wild notes brought a flood
Of mem'ries bright and glories gone,
When, for the Royal Stuart blood,
Our chief led great Clan Chatton[1] on
To famed Culloden's field;—'Tis past,
That marriage scene with all its charms;
And winter comes with freezing blast,
To find my young wife in my arms,
And all the villagers in tears
Assembled round us—she was gone;
The prize was mine a few short years,
And I was now alone, alone.
Oh! what had I to live for then?
One clasp, one look, one fond caress,
And flying far from each proud Ben,
With sorrow deep as dark Loch Ness,
I left my humble Highland home,
To gaze on Monagh Leagh no more.
With blighted heart I crossed the foam
And landed on New Zealand's shore;
You know the rest——"

"But what has all
This home-sick dreaming got to do
With death, my friend?"

[1] A M'Gillviray led the Clan Macintosh, or Clan Chatton, at Culloden.

"I've got a call
To meet my Elsie."
"Nonsense, Hugh!"
I laughed, but still his brow was sad,
"Cheer up and chase this gloom away,
There's pleasure yet in life, my lad."

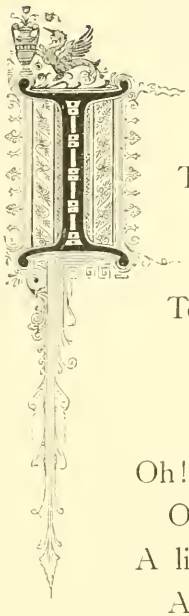
"I tell you we must part to-day;
I have not told you all that passed
Before me in my dreaming hours.
This day, with you, shall be my last.
True friendship, Bill, has long been ours,
And we must part in love, my friend,—
You smile again—well, time will prove
My premonition true;—The end
Is drawing nigh.—Behold my love,
My life, my Elsie, on yon hill,—
Ay, yonder hill is Monagh Leagh—
Just listen, friend, she's calling still,
And still the dear one beckons me
Away—the sun upon the peaks
Is blushing crimson o'er the snow.
Behold! how bright its rays and streaks
Are dancing on Loch Ness below;
Rich violet and purple clouds

A tabernacle form on high,
Behind whose folds the starry crowds
Lie hidden in the silent sky—
'Tis there, 'tis there, the same fond face,
Which, but a few short hours ago,
Pressed close to mine; just in this place
My Elsie stood, and, bending low,
She whispered in an icy breath,
'Oh! Hugh, behold thy spirit-bride.
I'm here for thee; prepare for death.
Thy soul to-morrow, by my side,
Shall trace the scenes we loved of yore.
Again, my Hugh, my husband brave,
We'll watch the Highland eagle soar;
We'll see the heath and bracken waves.
Ah! Hugh, the spirit sight is keen;
We cross the ocean with a glance;
We know not time——' She left the scene,
And I awakened from my trance;
But let us change the subject, mate;
Let's have a smoke.—Hark! there's a shot—
One, two, three, four! we mustn't wait—
Where are our rifles?—Ah! we've got
The darkies now. See, see, they dance
Before our eyes; hear how they yell!
There goes the order for advance—
There's Norman out and Percival."

M'Gillviray ceased, and we ran to the door,
Prepared to advance where our officers led;
Both Hill and O'Beirne were well to the fore,
While Norman and Percival rushed on ahead.
Flash! flash! went our rifles; we followed their track,
And in through a gap in the timber we broke;
We fired again, and they answered us back—
The rebels, I mean—as they plunged through the smoke.
"Now back to the camp, lads; we've scattered the swine;
They've tasted enough of our metal to-day!"
'Twas Percival spoke, and we fell into line,
And back through the break in the bush took our way.
We reached but the centre, when out from the bush
That skirted each side with its branches and logs
The Maoris in crowds, with a yell and a rush,
Encompassed us:—"Boys, give the treacherous dogs
A taste of our true British pluck!" a wild cry,
As a tomahawk's stroke cut the sentence in twain,
Went in through the woodlands and up to the sky,
And Percival lay in the front of the slain.
Oh God! in my ears still rings yell after yell.
I see the bright tomahawks dripping with blood;
The wild demons looked as if painted in hell;
They leaped through the thicket and burst from the wood.
Outflanked and outnumbered, our officers dead,
A handful of men in the grasp of the foe,
What could we have done in such stress? so we fled
When Norman and Wheeler and Hill were laid low.
We reached the old church, but the savages stay'd

To butcher the wounded and mangle the slain;
They vanished ere night in the forest's dark shade,
To steer their canoes o'er Waikato again.
At daybreak we went to the scene of the fray,
To bury our comrades and bid them adieu,
And near a small mound where five savages lay,
We found brave M'Gillviray sleeping there too.
Five warrior chiefs proved the work he had done;
They fell by his hand ere his soul went to God;
He smiled in the face of the bright morning sun
That shone on the purple streaks o'er the green sod.
I planted a wattle to mark where he sleeps—
I wonder where is it?—Ah, there stands the tree!
By Jove, it's in blossom too! see how it weeps
Rich tears of bright gold o'er the hillock where he
Is resting in peace. Is he dreaming there still
Of Elsie, his bride, and his dear Highland glen?
This life is a puzzle, Jack; fight as we will,
We're nothing at last but the shadows of men.
The substance soon blends with the blossoms and weeds
That spring to the surface; and as for the soul,
Perhaps it may flourish or fade in its deeds,
Or find in some other bright planet its goal.

ANNIHILATION.



IT is not true! Great Sire, it cannot be
That this bright ray of life we call the soul—
This quenchless flame of immortality,
Emblazoned on Thy grand eternal scroll—
Was kindled in its mortal lamp by Thee,
To find within the grave its final goal.

Oh! bastard creed, conceived in vilest womb
Of meanest earth, how poor thou makest man:
A living atom, fattening for the tomb,
And struggling to its jaws as best he can,
Heir unto nothing but chaotic gloom,
The puppet of a dark, designless plan.

Cold, dismal science, hatched within a clod,
And nursed for blank futurity, in vain

Thy teachers, with their substitute for God,
Proclaim that wrong shall change to right again.
Why then are *we* the tillers of the sod?
Why do *we* sow if others reap the grain?

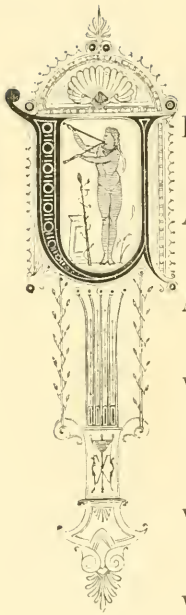
How shall the good to come repay the dead,
If mind or soul embodied, really dies
To live no more? The suff'ring millions fled,
With all their sorrows and with all their cries
For justice, find no solace in the bed
Of dreamless death, from which they may not rise.

Were death the climax, then 'twere better fate
To browse the peaceful hills, a careless beast,
Or nestle with some tuneful feathered mate
In some green glade, nor look past Nature's feast
For happiness, nor dream of future state,
Than be their king—the greatest, yet the least.

Shall all our dreamings of a brighter day—
Shall all our longings for a purer light
Shall all our aspirations end in clay?
Shall all our hopes be plunged in endless night,
And shall the soul be blind for ever? Nay!
Death cannot veil its strong celestial sight.

Annihilation! philosophic lie!
Thou canst not rob us of our rightful claim
To share our Father's mansion up on high;
God is a Spirit, and from Him we came,
His breath is in us, it can never die;
Emancipation is death's better name.

WAIARONUI.



UP northwards, near Waikato's spreading plains,
A crystal mirror shimmers 'mong the hills,
And sunbeams dance upon its breast to strains
Of forest music; bell-birds, tuis, rills,
All blend their voices with the magic sounds
The whisp'ring reeds and rushes softly make,
Where playful wood-sprites have their pleasure-grounds,
When Spring is young and Summer is awake;
Volcanic giants, born of fire and flood,
As guardians stand around the calm retreat
When all the scene is tinted with the blood
Of dying day, then is the silver sheet
O'erlaid with nameless glories,—then the bloom
Of korimiko groves seems richer, and aglow
The rata flushes, and the sweet perfume,
That floats from where the rich tawhirris grow,

"When night has set
Her sable-silver lunar trace
On calm
Waiaronui's face,
A swift canoe is seen to glide.

Embalms the sunset treasures as they fall
And melt upon the lake's clear bosom deep,
When twilight's tints are stealing over all,
And o'er the waters weird-like shadows creep;
When all the changeful colours of the eve—
Pink, violet, and purple—fade away,
With crimson, gold and amber, but to leave
The scene enwrapp'd in folds of sombre grey.
Oh, lovely, lucid lake! how few who know
The story that is thine! for few intrude
Upon thy stillness; thy sad tale of woe
Hath made thee now a sacred solitude.
From Pakeha defiler thou art free—
Thy nameless beauties he hath never known;
The Maori's mana[1] still is over thee:
Sweet solitude, he claims thee as his own.
But why shouldst thou be Tabu[2]? why shouldst thou
Hide all thy beauties, all thy splendid charms?
Why should the Pakeha, with spade and plough,
Not change thy woodlands into smiling farms?
Give up thy secret—say what strange romance
Hangs over thee, Waiaronui? Ah!
Methinks I see fierce braves, with spears, advance
Unto thy peaceful shores from distant Pa.
"Revenge! Revenge!" and "Blood!" these are their cries.

[1] Sway.
[2] Sacred.

I know thy story now—a tale of grief—
A narrative of sorrows and of sighs;
'Twas thus I heard it from an aged chief:

A summer's night—the witching noon—
The big, round, ripe, uncovered moon
Displays her form in full; her light
Streams down in showers of silver bright
On lakes, and bays, and river floods,
And brooks that wander through the woods;
But brighter than on other streams
She spreads to-night her silver beams
On broad Waikato—famed in song—
The nurse of heroes fierce and strong—
The cradle of ten thousand braves,—
Tawhaki,[1] guard thy swelling waves!
At least, to-night, Tawhaki, we
Look up and pray for help from thee.
To-night Waikato's waters bear
A noble freight; and who shall dare
To stay Te Raupa's swift canoe?
See! how he works his paddle true,

[1] A powerful god.

And toils as if it were a race
For life. Behold! he turns his face—
His eagle eyes are gazing back
As if some foe were on his track.
What can his hurried glances bode?
Te Raupa has a precious load—
Maroti's only daughter. See!
She stands beside her warrior! he
Has risked his life—impulsive youth—
To prove his love; his soul, in truth,
Was wedded unto hers for years.
But, heedless of her sighs and tears,
Her sire, Maroti, heartless stood—
He hated all her lover's brood—
And swore that if her brave came nigh
His whare, lovers both should die.
But Love's fierce passion, warm and true,
Will urge a man to dare and do
Deeds which, in calmer times, would seem
Impossible. Oh! precious dream
Of transient joy and nameless bliss,
The ecstasy of one sweet kiss
From lips we prize sets all aglow
The god-sparks in our frames, and so
The narrow self within us dies,
And nobler inspirations rise!
We live in those we love, and they
Exist in us—ray blends with ray—
Till one rich beam illumes two clods

With all the fire of all the gods.
Te Raupa's love was quenchless; he
Adored the fond Kearoa; she
Look'd up to him, her heart's first lord—
The god she worshipp'd and adored.
Nay, Pakeha, turn not away
In scornful pity; do not say
That love like hers was vile and vain,
And worship such as hers profane.
The gods her fathers bowed to sank
In all that graces godhead's rank
To nothingness when placed beside
Her youthful chief—her joy and pride.
He fear'd not danger, knew not fear;
And, to secure a prize so dear,
He scal'd her father's Pa, and caught
His loved one in his arms, and brought
Her safely o'er the fortress stakes
Unnoticed; then, through swamps and brakes,
They reached the river's edge, where lay
His swift canoe, and then away
The youthful lovers floated free
Upon the river's breast; and we
Are watching their approach. They speed
By slender rush and plumed reed,
And now the noble warrior steers
Into a wooded bend. "What, tears,
Kearoa? do not weep nor sigh;
Our journey soon shall end, and I

Shall give to thee a home so fair
That spirits up in Reinga[1] there
Shall envy thee, my soul, my life,
Rich blossom of my hope, sweet wife.
All that I have, and all I hold,
Shall there be thine; now let me fold
Thy matchless form unto my heart,
To kiss away the pearls that start
From those deep, lustrous orbs of thine.
There, there! I've dried them; do not pine;
Thy father's love is cold compared
To that within my breast. I've dared
The terrors of his Pa for thee;
Come, come, my own love, lean on me.
Our swift canoe within this nook
We'll leave, and then up yonder brook
A little way a track there lies
Well known to me; I'll bear my prize
Along it till we reach a glade
Where echoes die and shadows fade;
From thence a lovely valley bends
Its arm around the hills, and trends
In graceful beauty to a lake,
Where waves and woods their music make,
Till leaves and ripples dance with glee
To Nature's magic minstrelsy.

[1] Heaven.

From thence 'tis but a little pace
Unto the dwellings of my race;
Within my father's Pa, my sweet,
There thou shalt find a safe retreat;—
So come, Kearoa."
Then he raised
Her shapely form; she fondly gazed
With tender glance upon her chief,
For love had conquered fear and grief;
And with a graceful spring the pair
Leap'd on the velvet bank, and there
They sealed again, with one more kiss,
Their holy union. Love like this
Deserves a future fair; but Fate
Is cold and wayward oft, and hate—
Cold heartless monster—often strives
To cast a blight on loving lives.
But lo! the moon looks sad and pale
Through boughs and branches down the vale;
Kearoa and her chief have gone,
And we are here, alone, alone.

The shadows have vanished, the woods are awake
With matin and carol, with lyric and lay;
The boughs and the branches and wild blossoms shake
Their pearly perfumes on the lashes of day—
Those fringes of gold that sweep down from the east
To brush off the dew-beads. The hills are aglow
With showers of sunbeams. Oh, glorious feast!
The treasures of morning above and below
Are scattered profusely, and bountiful earth
Displays all her charms, while her creatures rejoice;
Calm Waiaronui, a morning of mirth
Is rising o'er thee;—From thy shore floats a voice:—

"Morning on the mountains,
Brilliants on the fountains,
Dazzling in the distance, sparkling in the sun,
Dashing down the ledges,
Leaping through the sedges,
Scattering their diamond spray around them as they run.
"See! the lake is dreaming,
While the rays are streaming,
Dancing on its bosom; love of mine, awake!
Long hast thou been sleeping,
Watch have I been keeping;
Spirit of my spirit, rise, and look upon the lake!"

'Twas thus Te Raupa sang above
The sleeping form of his dear love,
Kearoa's strength had failed ere dawn,
So, seeking out a sheltered lawn
Beside the water's edge, he made
A couch for her, and gently laid
The lovely maiden there to rest,
Her head reclining on his breast.
His father's Pa was still away
Beyond the hills, where rose the day
To gild Waiaronui's flood.
Kearoa wakes. "Ah! kind and good,
Hast thou been keeping watch o'er me?
I have been dreaming, love, of thee;
And in my dream methought that I
Heard mocking kakas wail and cry
Above thy corse, and o'er thy bier;
The hungry cormorants were near;
And close by thee my father stood,
His hands died purple in thy blood.
Oh! love, it was a fearful sight."
Te Raupa laughed. "This childish fright
Is but the outcome of a dream;
Come, smile, my sweet."

A fierce wild scream
Was heard among the bushes. "Save
Thyself and me!" The startled brave

Sprang to his feet. "Too late, too late,
Son of a treach'rous dog; thy fate
Is in my hands, and thou shalt die.
Stand where thou art—thou canst not fly,
For see, my warriors are here,
Surrounding thee with axe and spear."
Te Raupa stood entrapped—no chance
To 'scape, but one: his eagle glance
Fell on the lake, upon whose bank
The plumed reeds grew thick and rank.
He whispered, "To my body cling,
Kearoa." Then, with one wild spring,
He leaped with her into the flood.
The warriors in amazement stood
A few short seconds, then they flew
Along the banks, and madly threw
Their vengeful spears into the waves
Where sank the pair. The baffled braves,
Athirst for blood, plunged headlong in;
Kearoa's father and his kin
Dived downwards, and swam round the spot
Again and then again, but not
Upon the lake a single trace
Could there be found of form or face,
Except their own; and all that day
They searched, but searched in vain, and they
Returned to tell the wondrous tale
To all their people. Many a wail
Of sorrow for Kearoa's fate

Was heard for years, and even hate
Paled into pity for the youth
Who nobly proved his love and truth
For that sweet maiden.
Stranger yet
The sequel seems:—When night has set
Her sable-silver lunar trace
On calm Waiaronui's face,
A swift canoe is seen to glide
With sweep majestic o'er the tide;
And in that strange and weird canoe
Kearoa and her lover true
Are seated. Kaka feathers red
Bedeck the youthful hero's head;
A heron's plume of snowy white—
The badge and emblem of his right—
Waves also o'er that noble brow;
And warriors, when they see him, bow,
And cry for great Tawhaki's aid.
Kearoa, too, that queenly maid,
Looks through the night with lustrous eyes
That shame the planets in the skies;
So bright are they, so full of fire,
That gazers feel a strange desire
To bask 'neath them upon the waves
For ever as love's faithful slaves.
But those who, when the moon is round,
Have heard the weird melodious sound
That floats across the lake at night,

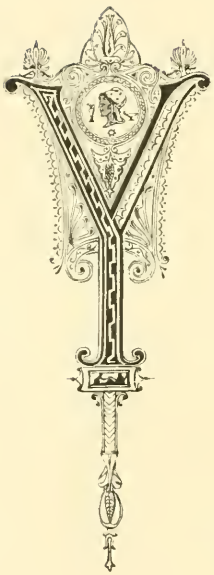
Become bewildered with delight.
The spirit-lovers' voices ring
In strains sublime as thus they sing:

"Hope is fair,
Truth is rare—
Souls united cannot sever;
Hope may die,
Truth may fly—
Love lives on for ever.

"Faith seems sure,
Honour pure—
Wedded souls are parted never;
Faith may shake,
Honour break—
Love lives on for ever.

"Friends may range,
Friendships change,
Heroes die in vain endeavour;
Only love,
Born above,
Lives and moves for ever."

YEARS ARE STEALING.



EARS are stealing, years are stealing,
Youth's bright star is on the wane;
Time, the mocker, is unveiling
Hope, with all her trappings vain—
Aërial towers, sylvan bowers,
Coral cave, and golden plain;
Blighted, faded are the flowers,
The scythe is mowing down the grain.

Years are stealing, years are stealing,
We see not as we've seen before;
Colder grows each finer feeling,
Warm emotions start no more—
Impulsive fire, proud desire,
Impetuous as ocean's roar.
The sable ship is drifting higher,
Yonder lies the mystic shore.

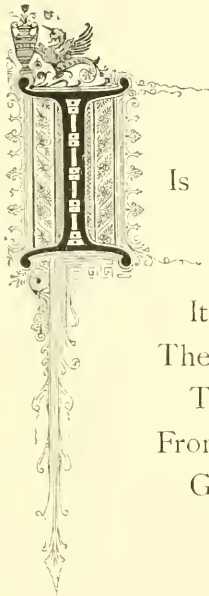
Years are stealing, years are stealing,
You and I have gone astray,
Since within the Old Home kneeling,
We were fondly taught to pray:
Pure words spoken, heartfelt token
Of our homage to His sway.
Graves were made and ties were broken
In the Old Land far away.

Years are stealing, years are stealing,
Where is fortune, where is fame?
Where is friendship, soothing, healing?
Where is love, ecstatic flame?
Friendship's flying, love is dying,
In the summer time they came;
Winter through the trees is sighing,
Love and friendship, scorn and shame.

Years are stealing, years are stealing,
See life's tinsel chariot glide;
Grasping avarice is wheeling
Vanity and vulgar pride;
False and shallow, time will swallow
Rags and riches in his tide:
Millions went and we must follow—
Prince or pauper may not 'bide.

Years are stealing, years are stealing,
Yonder mist is but a tear
The brilliant eye of day concealing,
Morn is there, and night is here.
In the morning, streaks adorning
Heaven's grand refulgent sphere;
Clouds at mid-day—solemn warning—
Darker shades at night appear.

THE BROOKLET IN THE GLEN.



ITS mellow song
The whole night long
Is borne around the tranquil vale,
And through the day
In cheerful lay,
It chants a never-ending tale,
The hist'ry of its life and birth,
The secrets of the valley, when
From the effusive pores of earth,
God called it down the glen.

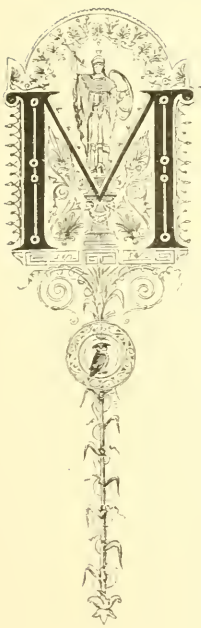
The tui's trill,
Upon the hill,
Is answered by a thousand notes,
Till one grand swell
From nook and dell
Upon the morning æther floats;

But in a voice subdued and low,
Which tells of things beyond our ken,
The brooklet's gentle accents flow,
Meandering down the glen.

And as it flows
It larger grows,
Until it merges in the sea;
And thus the boy
From childish joy
Runs into man's anxiety;
The fairy towers we loved to raise,
Are swallowed in life's whirlpool then—
There's food for thought in all thy lays,
Sweet brooklet in the glen.

Alone with
Nature on the wooded hill
That skirts the lovely valley of the Leith.

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.



Y soul is silent now; I cannot give
A living impulse to the thoughts that fill
My being with a plenitude of joy
Too deep for utterance.
Alone with God—
Or Nature, if you will—I stand and strive
To find expression for the love and praise
That rise within me, eager to be freed
From this poor clod that drags them downwards still.
'Tis evening, and fair Summer softly rests
On hill and valley, sprinkled with the tears
That, but an hour ago, have fallen from
A silver cloud that melted in a shower
Of pearly beads, when warmly kissed to life
By golden sunbeams ere they hid themselves
Beneath the gorgeous canopy that fades

In rainbow coruscations in the west.
Above the wooded slope that skirts the Leith
I stand, and gaze around, and wonder why
This earth of ours is called a "vale of tears."
O, noble hills! O, lovely vales and swards!
Robed in the richest foliage, and dressed
In all the pride of many-tinted green;
O, singing stream! O, flowers and blossoms rare!
That breathe your lives away in odours sweet,
And die in perfume when the summer wanes;—
O, bright-wing'd and sweet-throated choristers!
Whose notes make all the leaflets in the woods
Dance on each sportive breeze in pure delight;—
O, beauties that I cannot name, but feel!
My spirit at this moment fain would lose
Itself among you all, and be at one
With Nature, and with that mysterious Power
Whose presence is proclaimed with double force
At such a time in such a scene as this;
Our Father, and our Mother, and our All!
We thank Thee for this lovely land of ours;
We bow ourselves before Thee, yet we lift
Our highest aspirations up to Thee;
We feel that Thou art Omnipresent here,
For all the ecstasies and pure delights
That spread themselves around are part of Thee;
And those with souls athirst can come and quaff
The sweetness of such sacramental feasts
As this, and hold communion with their God.

Alone with Nature on the wooded hill
That skirts the lovely valley of the Leith;
The voices of the brooklet and the rill,
That purl and babble through the glen beneath;
The feather'd exiles warbling through the heath
Their old-world melodies; the tui's trill;
The mystic whisp'rings of the leaves that shake
With tremulous emotion to the breeze
That fans them into music on the trees;
The mournful murmur of the waves which break
In silver flakes along the distant strand;
And all the harmonies of sea and land
Blend in a glorious concert, and I stand
Entranced with joy—asleep, and yet awake.

A sighing sea gust from the ocean brought
Forgotten Christmas memories along;
My list'ning spirit, wrapped in wonder, caught
The soft, sweet echo of a dear old song;
And soaring skywards on the wings of thought,
It chased the wandering melody that sought
To find its own sweet biding place among
The sacred sounds that live where angels throng.

Music's heart, with wild pulsation,
Throbb'd among the trembling stars,

Shaking, with divine vibration,
  Thunder-bolts and lightning bars;
Op'ning up the azure portals,
  Till the echo of my lay,
'Scaping with the bright Immortals,
  Died in euphony away;
Where converging melodies,
  Silver notes from golden keys,
Melt, with songs of sighing seas,
  In a flood of joy supreme.
Still the spirit of my dream,
  Drunk with splendours pure and bright,
  Dazzled with supernal light,
Strong in all its new existence,
  'Franchised from its earthly clod,
Saw the glory in the distance;
  Onward soaring with the fire
  Of a longing swift desire
  To examine and inquire,
Why and who and what is God?

"And why and who and what art thou
  That durst approach the High Unknown?
Poor naked soul, be dumb and bow
  Before the great eternal throne.
Be dumb and bow, for God transcends
  The highest stretch of human thought;

He orders all for noble ends;
  His works are all with wisdom fraught.
Enough for thee that thou hadst birth;
  Enough for thee He sent a Man
To purify and bless the earth—
  That speck upon His wondrous plan;—
Enough for thee, there lived and died,
  To make men noble, true and free,
  A thorn-crowned King in Galilee,
The living God personified,
  The Champion who conquered hell.
Descend into thy coat of clay;
  Go back into thy carnal shell;
Make merry on His Natal day—
  This knowledge is enough for thee."

The voice came from the awful height
  Where time becomes eternity;
My soul, though dazzled with the light,
  Gazed boldly up, and cried, "Ah! why
  Did God send Jesus down to die
  A felon's death on Calvary?
The sacrifice was made in vain,
  For wrong still triumphs over right,
And pleasure still succumbs to pain,
  And day is shadowed by the night,

And Sin, the tyrant, is not slain,
  And Justice staggers in the fight.
Oh, Father! come Thyself and reign.
  Are we not 'precious in Thy sight'?
Sin, sorrow, suff'ring, greed and lust
  Enthral Thy creatures.. Oh, unbind
  The parts of Thy Eternal Mind,
Called human souls, for Thou art just
And we are struggling through the dust
  In search of Thee. Ah! we are blind.
Yea, blind; the wisest and the best.
  The pioneers who boldly march
In front, ahead of all the rest,
  With Reason's torch to light the arch,
Must halt and tremble in the race,
  Amazed in wonderment and awe,
Yet bowing to Thy will and law,
  Whilst weeping for the human race.
Ay, weeping as our Christ hath wept
  Of yore in sad Gethsemane,
When Justice, Truth, and Reason slept,
  And men refused to hear and see
  The Word Incarnate, that should be
    The Law below, the Light above,
    The Talisman of angels—Love."

"Away, away," the voice replied,
  "Thou art not worthy to be known

In our bright realms; thy puny pride
  Would make God live for Earth alone.
Enough for thee that Christ hath died,
  Yet lives and moves, evolving still
The God-force that remains in man;
He is and was, since time began,
  The Good that triumphs over ill—
The Royal Keystone of the span
  That bridges the Eternal Will.
His reign shall be made manifest
  When words are fashion'd into deeds;
  And all your petty jarring creeds
  Shall merge in 'one harmonious whole;'
  When each and every human soul
Has reached the standard of His test;
  When Justice shall assert its might,
  And every wrong shall blend in right."

My dream was ended. And I stood
  Alone among the white-tipp'd broom,
  And down the vale the evening's gloom
Came floating on a dying flood
  Of sunset glories, and the boom
Of ocean followed from afar
  With music solemn, sad, and strange,
  And night crept o'er the rugged range,

And mellow'd down each golden bar
Of blazing gorse that ribb'd the green;
I turned and left the evening star
To sentinel the lovely scene.

The
primroses were opening up
Their petals on the meads,
And offering to the sun's first ray
Their dewy crystal beads.

ONLY A MISERABLE WRETCH.

THEY took me from the loathsome den,
And marched me down the street;
My heart was nearly bursting then,
As 'gainst my side it beat.
Contemptuous glances followed me,
And some one near me said,
"Only a miserable wretch
Unto the court-house led".

"Only a miserable wretch!"—
I hung my head in shame;
Oh, they that bring the curse on us
Are always first to blame.
The heartless words rang through my brain
With quick and sharp report;

My woman's nature shrank with pain
Down the street to the court.

"Only a miserable wretch"—
I turned and gazed behind;
My long-forgotten girlhood passed
Before my wandering mind.
Electric thought spanned wasted years
And leaped the fierce, wide foam,
'Till girlish smiles replaced my tears
Within the dear old home.

My heart, with an elastic bound,
Flung off its weight of sin,
For happiness shone all around
And peace reigned queen within.
The dross was severed from the gold
In childhood's pure retort,
And I was free and far away
From constables and court.

The primroses were opening up
Their petals on the meads,
And offering to the sun's first ray
Their dewy crystal beads;

And where the perfumed lilac swung,
The thrush sang clear and sweet,
And in the world there seemed no room
For sorrow or deceit.

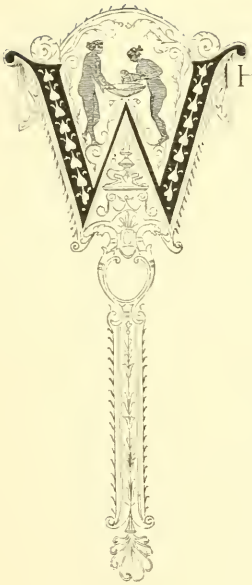
The moss-rose nestling on the sill,
Peeped at me through the pane;
I fancied that the linnet's trill
Was "Welcome home again!"
I felt my mother's warm caress—
The blissful dream was short,
For waking to my wretchedness,
I stood before the Court.

"Only a miserable wretch."
I knew not where I stood;
Despair, remorse, and misery,
Stirred up my wildest blood:
I cursed the world, I cursed my fate;
Oh man! we are your thralls;
All eyes are filled with scorn or hate,
When once a woman falls.

It was not thus with Him who raised
Magdalen from the ground,

The preachers now who bear His name
Are seldom near us found.
O, Master! though the world be cold,
In Thee we'll find support;
The lost ones can regain Thy fold
Up the road to Thy Court.

OCEAN'S ANSWER.



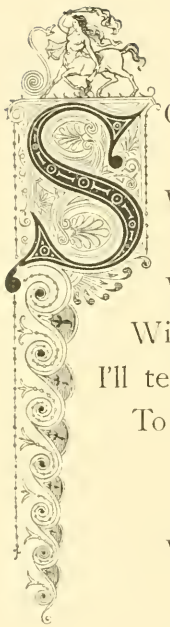
HY is it thus?"
I said, as standing near
The Ocean's silvery edges, I surveyed
The grand expanse of earth, and sea, and sky
Stretched out before my gaze. A rich soul-feast,
At which Imagination revelled free
In Nature's arms, and whispered in her ear
Its secret thoughts. The glorious king of light,
Arrayed in gorgeous robes of brightest hues,
Was sinking in his golden bath, beyond
The crested foam-hills in the distant west,
And on the track o'er which his train had passed
Remained the traces of his chariot wheels.
When rising for the nonce above myself,
I mused on earth, and sun, and moon, and stars,
And sea, and sky, and all Creation's plan,

And, as I mused and wondered, thus I spake
Unto the prattling breakers 'neath my feet
(Those playful white-haired children of the sea
That bear their mother's messages to land):
"Why is it thus, that Man, the prince of all
This prospect grand, cannot discern the Cause?"
And they went out and asked their mother sage,
And brought back this reply: "God only knows."

Then turning from the Ocean's face, I gazed
Along the giant hills that proudly raised
Their weather-beaten brows above the bay
Which mirror'd all their forms upon its breast,
And as my eye swept o'er the verdant meads
And tall young saplings belting peaceful homes,
I thanked my Maker for His gracious gifts
To our New Land; and as my gaze fell down
Upon the fair white city that reposed
In Sabbath quietness, within the vale,
Again I thanked my God for all His gifts;
But, musing still, I said: "Ay, even there,
In that calm city, there are weary hearts
And wounded spirits crushed by worldly cares,
And sad ones praying for the call of death,
That they might leave their sufferings behind
And go to sleep in peace upon yon hill
Where those pale monuments as emblems stand
Of human nothingness! Why is it thus?"

Again the breakers to their mother went
And brought this answer back: "God only knows,"
"Old Ocean!" I exclaimed, "thou should'st have known
The key to this great problem; thou wert by
Creation's cradle with thy mellow songs,
When Man, in pristine majesty, surveyed
The grand estate bequeathed to him by God.
Oh, tell me why there's so much sorrow here
Upon this earth, that is itself so fair;
Oh, tell me why the cruel waves of war
Have swept the millions down its crimson tide;
Oh, tell me why the many have been crushed
Beneath oppression's heel in ages past;
Oh, tell me why have Discord's fiends been loosed
From lowest hell, to spread the poisoned flames
Of violence and hatred amongst men;
Oh, tell me why have famine and disease
Scourged God's poor creatures? Shall it ever end?
When, when shall He, who rules omnipotent,
Take off the curse which still hangs o'er the earth,
And in its stead spread joy serene around?
When, when shall He make all His purpose known?
Our knowledge yet is weak. Why is it thus?"
Again the breakers to their mother went,
And brought back this reply: "God only knows."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.



SOME people think that women should
Compete in life's swift race
With man, and gain each privilege,
Position, power, and place
Which he enjoys. I can't agree
With those progressive lights,
I'll tell you what appear to me
To be fair Woman's rights.

When passion's young ecstatic fire
First kindles in our veins,
'Tis woman's right to bind our hearts
In Cupid's rosy chains;
She wields a queenly sceptre then,
Which we must needs obey,
We're building castles in the night
And dreaming all the day.

'Tis woman's right to be caressed
When love is in the spring,
And when affection's harvest comes,
Her right it is to bring
The garnered fruits of happiness
To cheer man's dreary way,
To smooth his rougher nature,
And refine his coarser clay.

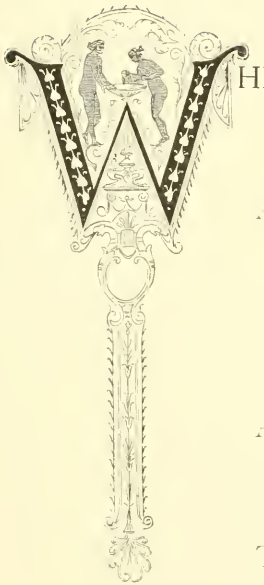
'Tis woman's right to wean us from
Our selfishness and greed,
A counsellor in trouble and
A faithful friend in need,
'Tis woman's right to lead us from
The foot of Mammon's throne,
And take us to a nobler shrine
Where purer joys are known.

'Tis woman's sacred right—and this
To her by God is given—
To teach the lisping little ones
The password into Heaven,
No joy man knows on earth can with
A mother's bliss compare
When, listening with the angel choir,
She hears her child's first prayer.

'Tis woman's right to lean on man
In sorrow and distress,
For he was made to comfort her,
And she was made to bless;
Her bulwark against danger, be
She daughter, sister, wife,
Or mother, he should guard her well—
Aye, even with his life.

'Tis woman's right, ere we prepare
To battle in life's van,
To shape our future destinies
And mould the mind of man;
And here, where we're erecting on
Pacific's breast, a State,
The mothers of our rising race
Can make it poor or great.

SPIRIT OF SONG.



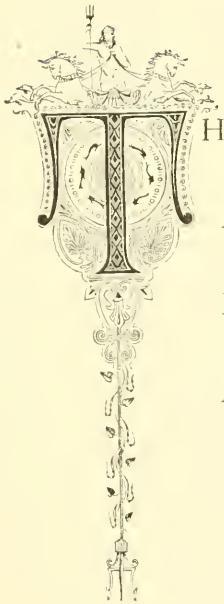
HERE is thy dwelling-place? Echo of sweetness,
Seraph of tenderness, where is thy home?
Angel of happiness, herald of fleetness,
Thou hast the key of the star-blazon'd dome,
Where lays that never end
Up to God's throne ascend,
And our fond heart-wishes lovingly throng,
Soaring with thee above,
Bearer of truth and love,
Teacher of heaven's tongue—Spirit of Song.

Euphony, born in the realms of the tearless,
Mingling thy notes with the voices of Earth;
Wanting thee, all would be dreary and cheerless,
Weaver of harmony, giver of mirth.

Comfort of child and sage,
With us in youth and age,
Soothing the weak and inspiring the strong,
Illum'ning the blackest night
Making the day more bright,
Oh! thou art dear to us, Spirit of Song.

Oft in the springtime, sweet words of affection
Are whispered by thee in thy tenderest tone,
And in the winter dark clouds of dejection
By thee are dispelled till all sorrow has flown.
Thou'rt with the zephyrs low,
And with the brooklet's flow,
And with the feathered choir all the year long;
Happy each child of thine,
Blest with thy gifts divine,
Charming our senses, sweet Spirit of Song.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.



THOU 'RT back again to bless us!
Within our hearts' recesses
A thousand sacred memories have slept since last we met.
Dear visions of the old time, and shadows of the old clime,
And fleeting rays of happiness from suns that long have set.

As through the years we're peering, thy visions so endearing
Comes back in all the colouring of childhood's roseate glow;
We see thee bluff and jolly, crowned with ivy and with holly,
With beard of sparkling icicles and mantle caped with snow.

We hear the deep bell booming where the ancient tower is looming
In the distance by the death-yard, where the tired ones find rest—
"Rejoice, rejoice, ye people," rings from belfry and from steeple;
"Rejoice," reply the Seraphs as they sing among the blest.

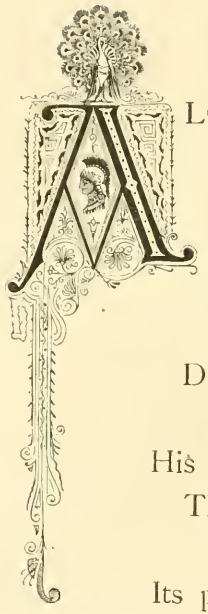
An angel yestereven came as harbinger from Heaven,
To spread the cheerful tidings of the Peaceful Prince's birth;
And loud hosannas pealing, from the star bespangled ceiling,
Of the bright etherial canopy, were trumpeted o'er earth.

What welcomings and greetings! What banquetings and meetings!
A social chain of loving hearts is linked around the board.
Ah! now 'tis reft and broken, of each link there's scarce a token;
But dreams recall the treasure still, and mem'ry guards the hoard.

Old Father Christmas, never can time or distance sever
The bonds of true affection which connect us still with thee;
Some bosoms may wax colder as the world is growing older,
But ever in this breast of mine thy name shall honour'd be.

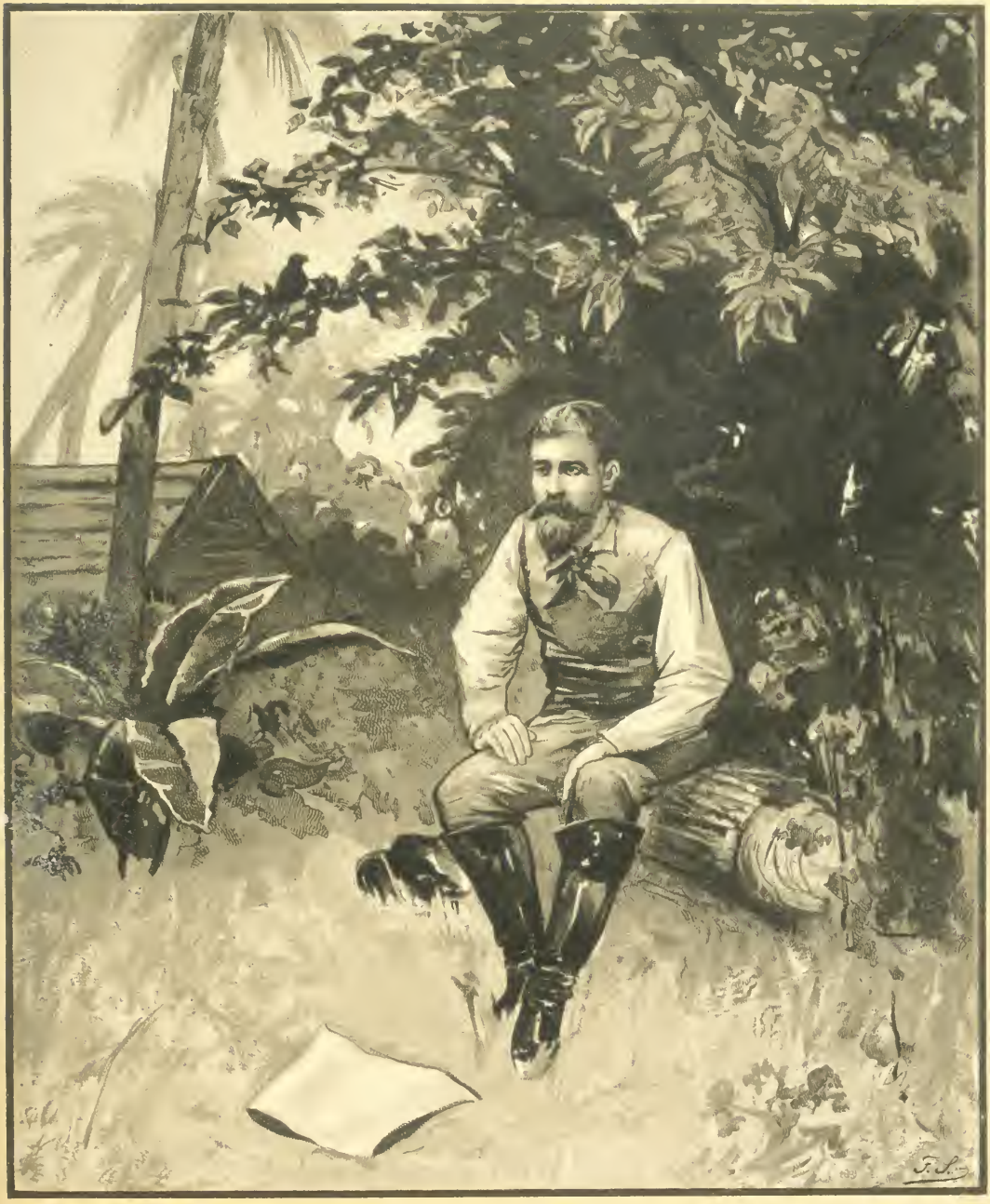
Dear time of fond devotion! in the Isles beyond the Ocean,
When childhood's days were pure and white as snowdrops by a stream,
Thy very name was golden, and now thy mem'ries olden
Steal round us in the new lands, and we smile and sigh, and dream.

A PAPER FROM HOME.



LONE with his dog, when the night-veil was falling,
A digger sat dreaming of times that were fled.
For mem'ry was painting old scenes, and re-calling
Dear faces and forms from the realms of the dead.
His fancy renewed the old pictures long faded,
The sheet in his hand seemed a leaf from life's tome,
Its paragraphs bright, and its articles shaded—
He smiled and he sighed o'er that paper from home.

A light-hearted boy, he embraced the old people—
He rushed from the school with his mates to the green;

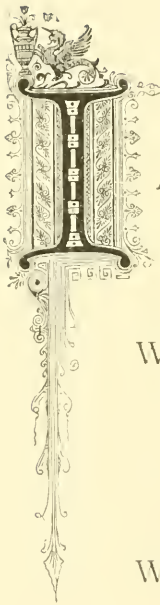


He sat in the dell where the lilac was swinging;
The thrush and the blackbird were warbling above.

He climbed up the ivy that wrapp'd the church steeple
Which stood on the hill to watch over the scene.
He blew from his childish pipe fanciful bubbles;
He floated his reed on the rivulet's foam;
The mountain of hope hid the ocean of troubles,
And fairies danced over that paper from home.

He sat in the dell where the lilac was swinging;
The thrush and the blackbird were warbling above;
A raven-haired girl to his bosom was clinging;
Their eyes exchanged draughts from the fountains of love—
Ah! where is the fond one who used to adore him?
A black cloud crept o'er the ethereal dome,
A crystal pearl dropped on the journal before him,
And down on the ground fell the paper from home.

ST. PATRICK AND THE SHAMROCK.



IN Tara met the kings and chiefs of ancient Innisfail,
And Pagan priests were lighting up the sacred fires of Baal,
And in the Royal Council hall were bards and Druids sage,
Whilst youthful clansmen gathered round to hear the words of age.

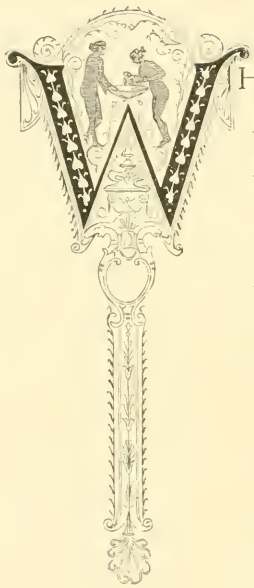
When lo! a bearded stranger, with a cross and staff in hand,
Approached the chiefs and rulers, and before them took his stand.
Majestic was his figure, yet he bore no axe nor skean,
For Patrick was a soldier of the peaceful Nazarene.

With glowing zeal he preached to them of Christ the crucified;
He told them how for fallen man the Saviour lived and died;
He pictured the unshelfish love which Jesus bore our race,
Until the tears of pity rushed down many a rugged face.

But when he preached of one great God, in which are persons three,
They wondered and they doubted, and they asked how that could be;
So stooping down, St. Patrick plucked a shamrock from the sod,
And, pointing to its triple leaves, thus spake to them of God—

"The stalk and centre leaf 's the Sire, the left one is the Son,
The right one is the Holy Ghost, and yet the three are one."
Converted and convinced by him, his hearers were baptized,
And this is why the Shamrock still by Irishmen is prized.

THE WINDS.



WHO has not heard the sighing,
And the moaning, and the crying,
As of troubled spirits flying
Through the winds, through the winds,
On some dreary winter's night,
When the cat-eyed owl, in fright,
From its hiding place takes flight,
Through the winds, through the winds?
And the curlews scream aloud,
And each quaintly fashioned cloud,
Is swept o'er Earth's gloomy shroud
By the winds, by the winds;
Oh, there's something sad yet sweet about
those winds.

For they carry us back on Fancy's track,
O'er the deep, dark ocean's foam;

And we mingle again with the loving train,
In our childhood's happy home;
Each fond kind face, in the dear old place,
Smiles on us as of yore,
And we hear the wail of the blast and the hail
About and against the door;
And the wild gusts screech through the elm and beech,
Till the leaves seem living things;
Through each cranny and nook, and by streamlet and brook,
Old Boreas whistles and sings;
But we heed not the storm, for our home is warm,
And the friends we prize most are near,
They're entwined round our heart: Ah! why must we part
From the dear ones we value most dear?

But they're gone, ay, gone before us,
Down life's river to death's shore. Thus
We must go, and o'er us
The sad winds! the sad winds!
Will chant wild songs for ages,
When savage winter rages,
"Death is all mortals' wages,"
Sing the winds, sing the winds.

Ah! where's the great men's glory,
The brave, the wise, the hoary,
Go listen to their story
From the winds, from the winds.
Oh, a lesson we can learn from those winds.

THE VILEST FIEND OF ALL.

"Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil."—*Othello.*

FALSE spirit! take thy fiendish shape,
Thy name is demon, and not wine;
Durst thou cling to the purple grape,
Durst thou seek shelter 'neath the vine?
Nay, cling unto thy patron—Death,
And hide thee 'neath his blackest pall:
Throughout Creation's length and breadth,
Thou art the vilest fiend of all.

What are thy crimes? Go, ask the grave,
That, yawning, waits its lifeless clod—
Thy murdered serf, thy poisoned slave,
A type, once, of the living God;

The shrieks within the maniac's cell,
The chain clinks 'yond the prison's wall,
The wails and groans of millions, tell
Thou art the vilest fiend of all.

What are thy crimes? Yon soulless thing
Was once God's image, pure and fair;
Yea, fiend, as witnesses I'll bring,
Lust, hatred, murder, and despair,
To prove thy guilt! The fiercest flame
That burns below when sinners fall,
Is fed by thee, remorse and shame
Proclaim thee, vilest fiend of all.

What are thy crimes? Thy counsel's plea
Is this: Thou'rt good, and we should prize
Heaven's gifts; but I do view in thee
A cruel devil in disguise;
Before thee, peace and comfort fly,
Replaced by senseless feud and brawl;
Near thee, truth, love, and honour die—
Thou art the vilest fiend of all.

Oh, God of justice! God of right!
Why is the world so full of woe,

Why are souls withered by this blight?
Is this the working of Thy foe—
The rebel sire of sin and crime,
Who makes thy likeness, man, his thrall?
Oh, Father! shield our new-born clime
From this, the vilest fiend of all.

DREAM ON.

REAM on, dream on, and build your magic towers,
Climb to Elysium, on the mellow beams
Which bind the heav'ns unto this orb of ours,
When threads of gold fall down in dazzling streams,
To tie the Sun to Earth with knots of flowers,
When nature's breast with vernal treasure teems.

Dream on, dream on, and build your castles airy,
Float with the seraphs upon floods of light—
Imagination is a witching fairy
Whom angels send with glimpses warm and bright
Of scenes to come, when this strange life shall vary,
And we shall see ourselves with fuller sight.

Dream on, dream on, in happy exaltation.
'Tis but the spirit rising o'er its clay
To scan the grander pictures of creation,
Hung in the light of never-ending day,
Where man receives his highest education,
Where love, and truth, and peace for ever stay.

THE OPPOSITE SEAT.

I TRIED to look prim while the parson was preaching,
And you were pretending to be so demure;
I knew you were deaf to the truths he was teaching,
And I was quite blind to the Gospel, I'm sure.
I brought neither chapter nor verse from the meeting,
Although I told me 'twas a beautiful treat;
I know I'm a sinner, for Heav'n I was cheating,
My soul was engaged on the opposite seat.

I scarcely can see either pulpit or altar,
I can't read my Bible, my eyes are so dim;
And really whenever I take up my psalter,
Instead of a psalm I look out for a *him.*

Our minister's lessons are pure and æsthetic,
  At least so I'm told! Oh, this horrid deceit!
I wish I could 'scape from that current magnetic
  That carries my thoughts to the opposite seat.

When people around us are wrapt in devotion,
  I strive to be pious and serious too;
And, raising my feelings with holy emotion,
  I try to forget such a fellow as you;
But when I look up I destroy the illusion,
  For you raise your head and our wicked eyes meet,
And then I am covered with shame and confusion—
  The tempter's enthroned on the opposite seat.

I'm eager to work out my spirit's salvation,
  But really each Sabbath I have not a chance;
Oh! you are the cause of this vile desecration,
  For sin and iniquity dwell in your glance.
I often endeavour to think upon Zion,
  Where angels, the prophets and patriarchs greet
In vain—for I know that poor me you've your eye on,
  Oh, why do you sit on the opposite seat?

You know very well that your conduct is stupid,
  Whatever may happen, 'tis you that's to blame,

You're turning the church to a Temple of Cupid,
I'm sure you will drive me to alter my name.
Pray, do not persist in this vile persecution,
Our souls must be saved, and Old Time is so fleet,
I feel quite composed—oh, this rash resolution!
There's room for us both on the opposite seat.

AWAY WITH REGRET.

TO W. E.

AWAY with regret! though some words lightly spoken
Were echoes of hopes which we cannot recall;
The lily will bloom, though a petal be broken;
The rose does not droop, though a leaflet may fall;
The sun that illumined love's dreamings' ideal,
At eve, 'neath a shroud of despair may have set,
But morning will bring him in majesty real,
To melt with his rays all the clouds of regret.

Away with regret, and away with dejection!
Though withered are some of the young buds of love,
Bright flow'rets of far more enduring affection
Will blossom when Spring brings new notes to the dove;

The seedlings we cast on a cold soil may perish;
We lose them, but still it is foolish to fret.
The next time we sow, let fertility cherish
The hearts-ease we prize—then away with regret!

Away with regret! when the heart lies in fallow,
'Tis but a coarse weed that spreads over the ground;
It only takes root where the surface is shallow,
And dies when the summer of love comes around.
'Tis vain to look back, for the past we can't alter;
The future remains in our own keeping yet;
Hope's goal is before us, and why should we falter?
We're marching to God—then away with regret!

Led on by Rewi Manga the fearless.

ORAKAU.[1]

THREE hundred swarthy braves at Orakau—
Savage warriors from Uriwera,
And from the hills and gorges of Taupo—
Gathered together to defend the land
From the encroachments of the Pakeha.
The Ngatimaniapoto were there,
Led on by Rewi Manga the fearless;
Te Paerata, famed in many fights,
Commanded the Ngatiraukawa tribe.
He was the warrior who cried aloud—
"*Me mate au kikonei!*"—which means,
"Let us make the Pa here; let us die here!"

[1] Orakau is situated in the Waikato District, near Kihikihi. The battle was fought on the 31st March, 1st and 2nd April, 1864. The Imperial and Colonial troops numbered 1,700, and were under the command of Brigadier-General Carey. The Maoris numbered 300, including women and children.

The dauntless chief Te Whenuanui,
And Hapurona of Uriwera,
Headed their wild and savage warriors.
Te Waru was there with his East Coast braves,
And other chiefs famed in song and story,
Met on the spot to resist the spoilers
Who had taken the land from the Maori
In the name of the Queen of the far land.
Only three hundred warriors were there
Entrenched within the weak, unfinished Pa,
Only three hundred brave men and women
To meet the Pakeha who surrounded
The sod-built fortress, with his well-drilled troops,
Nearly two thousand hardy Britons—
The Royal Irish and Forest Rangers,
And Fortieth Fighters under Leslie.
It was the second morning of April
When the colours in Nature's dress were changing
From the brown and russet hues of autumn
To the dark and sadder shades of winter,
Three hundred lion-hearted warriors
Assembled with Rewi to fan the flame
Of deadly hatred to the Pakeha
Into a vengeful blaze at Orakau,
Chanting the deeds of their ancestors,
They cried aloud—"*Me mate te tangata,*
Me mate mo te whenua!" —which means,
"The warrior's death is to die for the land!"

Roaring for blood, our early gun
Rent the clouds like a thunder-clap;
Carey cried, "There's work to be done"—
Close to the walls we pushed the sap.

"Ready, lads, with your hand-grenades,
Ready, lads, with your rifles true;
Ready, lads, with your trusty blades,
Ready, lads, with your bayonets, too."

"Now for the Armstrongs, let them roar:
Death unto those that laugh at peace—"
Into their nest our volleys pour—
"Steady there!—let the firing cease."

'Tis Cameron's voice—"Tell the foe
To leave the Pa, their lives we'll spare.
Tell them, Britons can mercy show,
Nothing but death awaits them there."

Then Major Mair, with flag of truce before the Maoris stood,
And said, "O friends, be warned in time, we do not seek your blood.

Surrender, and your lives are safe." Then through the whole redoubt
The swarthy rebels answered, with a fierce, defiant shout,
"*Ka Whawhai tonu! Akè! Akè! Akè!*"[1]

Again spake gallant Mair—"O friends, you wish for blood and strife,
With blind and stubborn bravery, preferring death to life;
But send your women and your children forth, they shall be free."
They answered back, "Our women brave will fight as well as we:
"*Ka Whawhai tonu! Akè! Akè! Akè!*"

Uprose brave Ahumai then, a chieftainess, and said:
"O! what have we to live for, if our dearest ones be dead?
If fathers, husbands, brothers, too, as mangled corses lie,
Why should we stay behind them here?—beside them let us die!
"*Ka Whawhai tonu! Akè! Akè! Akè!*"

Again the fiery-throated cannon roared aloud for blood,
Again the hungry eagle swooped and shrieked for human food;

[1] We will fight for ever, and ever, and ever.

Again wild spirits soaring, saw their shattered shells beneath,
In pools of gore, and still was heard defiance to the death—
"Ka Whawhai tonu! Akè! Akè! Akè!"

Now, now the bold defenders in a solid body break
Right through the sod-built barricade, o'er palisade and stake,
And leaping o'er the trenches, 'mid a storm of shot and shell,
They rushed to liberty or death, still shouting as they fell—
"Ka Whawhai tonu! Akè! Akè! Akè!"

With wild, untutored chivalry the rebels scorn'd disgrace,—
Oh, never in the annals of the most heroic race
Was bravery recorded more noble or more high,
Than that displayed at Orakau in Rewi's fierce reply—
"Ka Whawhai tonu! Akè! Akè! Akè!"

SLEEPING ALONE.

LEEPING alone in the wild, wild bush,
Where the wattles stoop,
And their ringlets droop,
When Spring glides in with her healthy flush,
Sleeping alone.

Sleeping alone in the quiet glade,
Where the timid sheep
From the red sun creep
To hang their heads in the leafy shade,
Sleeping alone.

Sleeping alone where the parrots fly,
To pipe their lays
On the sultry days—
When hot winds sweep o'er the mountains high,
Sleeping alone.

Sleeping alone where the Morepork's call
At night is heard
With echoes weird,
When Luna peeps through the gum-trees tall,
Sleeping alone.

Sleeping alone 'neath the unfenced mound,
No kindred bones
Nor mem'ry stones,
In Nature's lonely burying-ground,
Sleeping alone.

Sleeping alone where but few have trod,
Till the last bell tolls
And the unjudged souls
Bring up their clay to the throne of God,
Sleeping alone.

AUSTRALIA.

AND of the speckless sky and broad red sun,
Thou gavest me the largest part of life,
And I shall love thee till that life has run
Into the mystic vale of rest, where strife
And sorrow cease.

Prize of the stalwart Islemen of the North,
Picked out of Freedom's body-guard for thee,
To summon thy prolific treasures forth,
They brought with them the charter of the free,
Their endless lease.

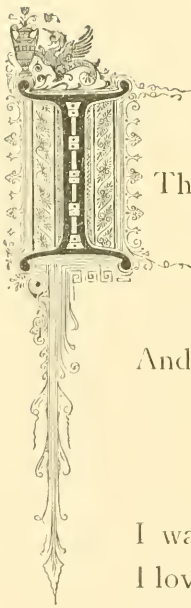
No crimson blood-spot stains thy tranquil face,
Illumined by the day-god's richest glance,
Adopted mother of a manly race,
Oh may thy power still prosper and advance,
Thy wealth increase.

Fame, in her mighty volume of the past,
For thee, New Mother, keeps no gory leaf,
Oh, never may war's black, despoiling blast
Soil thy bright banner of the yellow sheaf
And golden fleece.

As Freedom's outposts on Pacific's breast
Thy smaller sisters stand around thy throne;
Each wears a queenly diadem and crest,
But thou art Empress of the South alone—
Reign on in peace.

THE BEGGAR'S PRAYER.

A DIGGER'S TALE.



'LL tell you how it happened, mate: we worked
in wet and cold
The winter through, until at last we struck upon
the gold;
Though Charley had a woman's frame, it held
a lion's heart,
And day by day, in shaft and drive, he nobly did
his part.

I was his mate before the rush to Gabriel's began,
I loved him, for I knew him to be every inch a man;
Ah! times are changed, and people now are not what
they were then,
The boys who wore the yellow pants in those old days
were *men*.

The Bible tells us, as you know, we all are made from dust,
And to the same material, return again we must;
But still I can't believe that all are moulded the same way,
For Charley was a *brick*, you see, not made of common clay.

Besides, he had a poet's soul, and often in his ear
Old Nature whispered secrets sweet which I could never hear,
And yellow clouds, that were to me but vapour in the sky,
To him were golden pictures from the brush of God on high.

Well, as I just was telling you, we came upon the gold,
'Twas Charley's shift below, you see, the day was wet and cold,
And I was at the windlass, when I heard my poor mate cry,
"For God's sake, Harry, haul me up, for I'm about to die!"

I pulled him quickly to the top, and brought his trembling form
Into our hut, and wrapped him there in blankets thick and warm;
"God bless you, mate," he murmured, "but your aid is all in vain,
We'll never work together on this earth, I fear, again.

"Upon the muster-roll of Death I've heard them call my name,
I go to take possession of a richer, better claim —
Just listen, Harry, listen, don't you hear it over there?
I know it is, I'm sure it is, that long-remembered prayer."

"Some strange, odd fancy, mate," I cried, "is wandering through
your mind,
The only sound I hear is the low wailing of the wind
Amongst the wild flax in the gorge and o'er the mountains bare—"
"Nay, 'tis not that, come closer and I'll tell you 'bout that prayer.

"'Twas winter in the dear old land, and I was but a child;
December, of the sullen brow, with voice so weird and wild,
Laughed round the mansions of the rich, where comfort
reigned secure,
And howled with fiendish glee about the hovels of the poor.

"Night gathered all her curtains o'er the groves of leafless beech,
And on the ruined Abbey walls the owls began to screech;
The swift electric swords of heaven flashed from each sable sheath,
And shiv'ring poplars humbly bent to kiss the shrubs beneath.

"The tempest marched triumphantly along its gloomy path,
And e'en the oak obeisance made to Nature in her wrath;
Yet all the dear ones laugh'd and joked within our home, and I
Received that night a silver crown, for Christmas time was nigh.

"But hark! a low knock at the door disturbed our mirth and glee,
And I ran forth to open it—'For Christ's dear sake, help me;
My little ones are starving, we are hungry, weak, and cold,
Oh! help us, boy, and may God keep you ever in His fold.'

"A wretched, ragged creature, with her little starv'lings four,
Made this appeal, as cold and wet they shivered at our door;
I thought not of the Nazarene's impressive Love command,
Young impulse urged me, and I placed my crown within her hand.

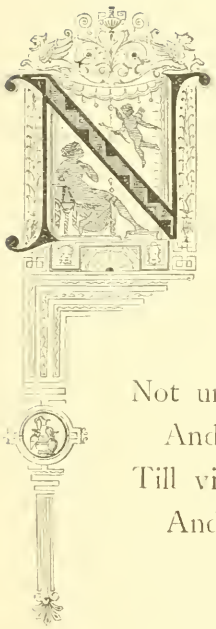
"She threw herself upon her knees, whilst tears sprang from her eyes,
And raising up her hands in prayer, and looking to the skies,
She cried, 'May God protect you, child, through all this world of sin,
And when you reach His palace doors, may angels let you in.'

"Oh Harry, through my long, long years of wand'ring, since that night,
In weal and woe, across my path that prayer has shed a light;
I heard it in the drive to-day, when sickness struck me down—
A voice said, 'For your silver coin, you'll get a golden crown.'

"Oh Harry, dear old mate, good-bye, I hear that voice again,
And yonder opes the palace gates beyond the azure plain;
God bless you, mate! remember that the path to bliss is sure
To all who practise Charity—then don't forget the poor."

Just up the gully—there—you see that mound beside the creek,
With roses clinging round the fence—your pardon, mate, I'm weak,
This huskiness is but a cold I caught the other day—
Oh! God be with you Charley, lad—Come, stranger, come away.

NOT UNDERSTOOD.



NOT understood. We move along asunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life? and then we fall asleep,
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
And thus men rise and fall, and live and die,
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge;
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age,
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action,
Which lie beneath the surface and the show,
Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbours, and they often go,
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us!
The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight
Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us,
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight;
Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching
For lack of sympathy! Ah! day by day,
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking!
How many noble spirits pass away
Not understood!

Oh, God! that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see;
Oh, God! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another, they'd be nearer Thee,
And understood.

One old box-tree bends his head,
One broad wattle shades her bed,
One lone magpie mourns the dead:
"Peace be with thee, Lilian."

PAX VOBISCUM.

IN a forest, far away,
One small creeklet, day by day,
Murmurs only this sad lay:
"Peace be with thee, Lilian."

One old box-tree bends his head,
One broad wattle shades her bed,
One lone magpie mourns the dead:
"Peace be with thee, Lilian."

Echoes come on every breeze,
Sighing through the ancient trees,
Whisp'ring in their melodies:
"Peace be with thee, Lilian,"

Mellow sunbeams, morn and eve,
Quick to come and slow to leave,
Kiss the quilt where daisies weave
Rich designs o'er Lilian.

When the dying blossoms cling
To the skirts of parting Spring,
Wattle-boughs and branches fling
Showers of gold o'er Lilian.

When the Summer moon mounts high,
Queen of all the speckless sky,
Shafts of silver softly lie
O'er the grave of Lilian.

Mystic midnight voices melt
Through each leafy bower and belt,
Round the spot where friends have knelt—
"Peace be with thee, Lilian."

Far away from town and tower,
Sleeping in a leafy bower,
Withered lies the forest flower—
"Peace be with thee, Lilian."

There, where passions ne'er intrude,
There, where Nature has imbued
With her sweets the solitude,
Rests the form of Lilian.

Dear old forest o'er the sea,
Home of Nature's euphony,
Pour thy requiem psalmody
O'er the grave of Lilian.

Guard that daisy-quilted sod:
Thou hast there no common clod;
Keep her ashes safe; for God
Makes but few like Lilian.

Sceptics ask me: "Is that clay
In the forest far away
Part of her?"—I only say:
"Flow'rets breathe out Lilian;

"From her grave their sweets mount high—
Love and beauty never die—
Sun and stars, earth, sea and sky
All partake of Lilian."

LIVE AND LOVE TO-DAY.

THIS life's an hour we borrow
From eternity's to-morrow,
Our souls wear for a little time the mortal garb of man,
Ere they, in robes supernal,
Soar away to the eternal;
Then while our lives are vernal let's do all the good we can.
This earth's place of meeting,
Of rejoicing and of greeting,
Where spirits waltz together in a masquerade of clay:
We've but a short vacation
In this earthly habitation,
Then, grateful for its blessings, let us live and love to-day.

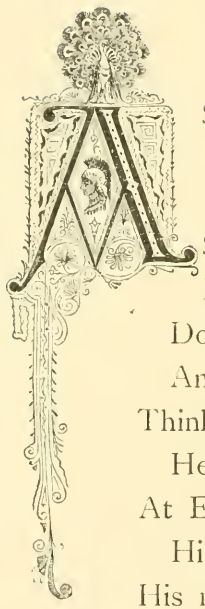
We're budding and we're growing,
And we're coming and we're going,
We're struggling and we're striving with our fellows in the race!

We're sorrowing and fretting,
Oft ignoring and forgetting
How small the circle of our course, how limited the space
Allotted us bellow here!
For the Phantom comes to mow here
The human stalks that grow here, and we'd better strew his way
With buds of love and duty,
And flowers of peace and beauty,
And blossoms of affection—let us live and love to-day.

Away with cares and crosses,
There are "gains for all our losses,"
And wages in the future, if our work be nobly done.
Then in this hour of fleetness,
Let us sip the purest sweetness
From Earth's prolific bosom, while we're basking in the sun;
Death's night, with stealthy motion,
Climbs the edges of life's ocean,
There may be golden linings to its clouds of sombre grey,
But ere their shadows reach us,
Oh, let truth this wisdom teach us,
To work for one another, and to live and love to-day.

SIX SONNETS.

THE BIRD AND THE IDOL.



SIMPLE lark—this is a fable new—
That perched each morn upon a golden ray,
Up where the lashes of the eye of day
Sweep all night's lesser jewels out of view;
Beheld a lovely idol's shrine, and flew
Down earthwards, to that form of painted clay,
And warbled there his sweetest, purest lay,
Thinking his song might it with life imbue.
He sang to it God's Royal Anthem—Love;
At Eden's windows he had caught the strain—
His lay the soulless image could not move—
His melodies were warbled all in vain;
He turned away and tried to soar above,
But never reached his morning perch again.

TO

LIKE some grand planet looking from its height
Upon a duller orb, thy soul o'er mine
Shoots forth effulgent radiance divine,
And draws it up within its orbit bright.
Affection's sparks, touched by its rays, ignite,
And o'er the span of my existence shine,
My spirit, drinking all its light from thine,
Acknowledges itself thy satellite.
Oh! let it bask for ever in those beams,
And quaff ethereal pleasure from that spring
Of ecstasy, until this life appears
A treasury of bliss, till each day brings
Fresh draughts of love; and when we pass earth's years
Let soul clasp soul in everlasting dreams.

MORNING ABOVE DUNEDIN.

GOD'S golden limner of our planet's days,
O'er summer's surface spreads his morning sheen,
And on the trees a hundred tints of green
Are shimm'ring in the dazzle of his rays;
Beneath the boughs each breeze-stirr'd shadow plays,
And side by side gnarl'd forest ancients lean
Their tassell'd heads together. Through the scene
A lonely mountain creeklet sings and strays.
Melodious trills from feather'd exiles' throats—
Pure warblings of the Old Land and the New,
Which silence all the tui's simpler notes—
Blend in a flood of euphony, that through
The groves and bowers of clust'ring foliage floats
To chase the lark's sweet echoes in the blue.

THE FIRST MATCH.

AY, 'tis the same wild flame ablaze to-day
Which flash'd athwart the pristine garden's night,
When angels dropp'd a spark of sacred light
From heav'n's eternal lamp. The same rich ray
Which, falling, blazon'd all the starry way,
And strung a golden chain of planets bright
Across the azure archway in its flight,
Then, reaching earth, illumed the living clay.
The same wild flame now permeates and glows
As fresh through this old world as when it burst
On Eden's fruit. Ay, love's swift lightning goes
Through flesh and blood, as hotly as when first
The Prince of Darkness—*Lucifer*—arose
And struck the first bad *match*, but not the worst.

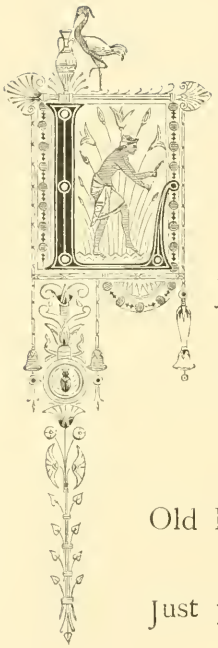
AMBITION, FAME, AND LOVE.

THE sun climbs up the mountain side at morn,
To ope the lily's breast with golden key,
The lark ascends with songs of wildest glee,
To cheer his feathered love, when day is born;
And, like the sun, my lily I'd adorn,
I'd open up the heart that's dear to me!
And, like the lark, each song should be
for thee!—
Ambition, of thy true affection shorn,
Holds out no prize to woo me up its height,
For, after all, what is this loveless fame?
A phantom bird that lures us in its flight
Unto the glimmer of a transient flame,
Then leaves us starless in the vacant night,
Among the hollow echoes of a name.

HENRY KENDALL.

FAIR Austral's eldest daughter veils her face,
And drapes her sunny splendours in the gloom,
Her first-born son of song, in manhood's bloom—
The sweetest singer of her brave young race—
Has joined the Dantesque shadows in the space
Beyond the sapphire arch, and o'er the tomb;
He faded ere the wattle's golden plume
Perfumed the sylvan scenes he loved to trace.
He who had witch'd and charm'd the South'rn lute
Till strains mellifluous swept o'er the land
In floods of euphony; whose soul could shoot
To Nature's heart, and pluck out, at command,
Her secrets and her mysteries, is mute,
The harp has fallen from the Minstrel's hand.

OLD BENDIGO.



LET Poley go with Redman; mind be careful of the steer;
Bring Bob and Rambler from the creek they'll find good picking here.
Just fling this she-oak on the fire; there, catch that end, now throw—
This 'minds me of our maiden trip to dear old Bendigo.

Old Bendigo! the very name is treasured in my breast—
Just pass the billy this way, Jack. Not boiled yet! Well, I'm blest
If that there wood will ever burn; this ironbark is slow—
You knew the gully of that name on dear old Bendigo.

Oh, when we camped upon the track—that damper must be done—
Around the blazing log at night, what tough old yarns were spun

By Sydney Ned, and Derwent Bill, and Murrumbidgee Joe!
Where are they now? Ah, mate, they'll drive no more to Bendigo.

I can't help laughing when I think—old mate, just pass a chew—
Of that ere time when Murphy's team got bogged at Carlsruhe.
Big Barney Fagan shouted—whilst the wheels were bedding low—
"Faix, boys, there's some deep sinkin' on the road to Bindigo,"

Mount Macedon is gazing down as proudly as of old
And Alexander's lofty brow look's over fields of gold;
They never shift; but where are all the friends we used to know
On Castlemaine and Forest Creek, and dear old Bendigo?

No other land has mustered such a kingly race of men
As that brave golden legion on the march to fortune then;
The digger's shirt was freedom's badge: beneath it honour's glow
Lit up a gen'rous, manly flame on dear old Bendigo.

Old mate of mine, together we have roughed it, through the bush
For twenty years, and Time begins to lay his frosting brush
Upon our heads; but in our hearts the flowers of friendship grow
As fresh as when we planted them on dear old Bendigo.

I sigh whene'er I think upon—Jack, pass along the grub—
The music of the puddling mill, the cradle, and the tub;
The hurdy-gurdies, German bands, and minstrels too—why, blow
It, you've upset the tea—on dear old Bendigo.

The track of life is sometimes smooth, at other times 'tis rough;
But we must take it as it comes—this beef is *rayther* tough—
I feel a spider on my cheek—I've caught the varmint—no;
Why, bless me! if it ain't a tear for dear old Bendigo.

DE PROFUNDIS.

"Is it good unto Thee that Thou shouldest oppress, that Thou shouldest despise the work of Thine hands, and shine upon the counsel of the wicked?"—JOB. x. 3.

WHY are Thy people crushed, O Lord?
Why do Thy children moan?
Thou art omnipotent, O Lord,
And they are Thine own, Thine own.
Ever and ever the millions cry:
"Father, we suffer, and know not why,
Born to struggle, and then to die,
Why is the seed thus sown?"

Here on the earth to-day, O Lord,
Millions are slaves of pain;
Sin and sorrow are here, O Lord,
And hunger, and serfdom's chain.

Ever and ever the millions say:
"Father, to Thee we kneel and pray,
'Twas ever thus, as 'tis to-day,
When shall we reap the grain?"

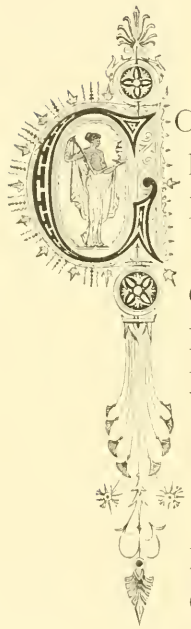
Tyrants rule upon high, O Lord,
And knaves possess the land;
Greedy robbers hold sway, O Lord;
Why dost Thou stay Thine hand?
Back on the shores that are far behind,
Trance of reason and sleep of mind
Dwarf Thy people; they still are blind.
Father, they cannot stand.

We who are here on the heights, O Lord,
Free in Thy fuller light,
Wonder why nations are plunged, O Lord,
Down in oppression's night,
Back in the lands where Wrong is rife,
Back on the shores where war and strife
Are ever making a Hell of life.
Where is the reign of Right?

Souls are sighing for peace, O Lord;
Hearts are lifted to Thee;

Wails for mercy to Thee, O Lord,
With many a plaint and plea,
Out of the depths and darkness go:
"Father, O Father, we nothing know;
Open Thy children's eyes below,
As yet they cannot see."

NEW ZEALAND HYMN.



GOD of nations! at thy feet
In the bonds of love we meet,
Hear our voices, we entreat,
God defend our Free Land.
Guard Pacific's triple star
From the shafts of strife and war,
Make her praises heard afar,
God defend New Zealand.

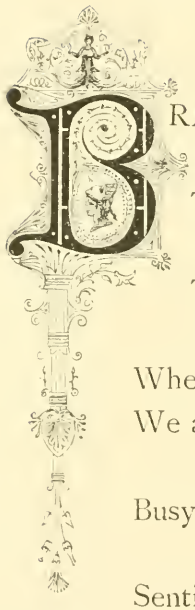
Men of every creed and race
Gather here before Thy face,
Asking Thee to bless this place,
God defend our Free Land.
From dissension, envy, hate,
And corruption guard our State,
Make our country good and great,
God defend New Zealand.

Peace, not war, shall be our boast,
But, should foes assail our coast,
Make us then a mighty host,
God defend our Free Land.
Lord of battles, in Thy might,
Put our enemies to flight,
Let our cause be just and right,
God defend New Zealand.

Let our love for Thee increase,
May Thy blessings never cease,
Give us plenty, give us peace,
God defend our Free Land.
From dishonour and from shame
Guard our country's spotless name,
Crown her with immortal fame,
God defend New Zealand.

May our mountains ever be
Freedom's ramparts on the sea,
Make us faithful unto Thee,
God defend our Free Land.
Guide her in the nation's van,
Preaching love and truth to man,
Working out Thy glorious plan,
God defend New Zealand.

HOW VON TEMPSKY DIED.



BRAVE young land, thy roll of glory shines with many a gallant name,
Thou hast many a thrilling story dear to honor, true to fame;
Thou canst boast a band of heroes whose undying deeds shall blaze
When thy chronicles of valor shall be read in after days.
We are busy with the present, and we seldom glance behind,—
Busy building up a nation, we seem thoughtless and unkind,—
Sentiment is out of fashion, gratitude is fast asleep,
We have little time for thinking, little time to sing or weep;
Little time to sing their praises or to weep for those who bought
Peace for us and for our children with their life-blood; men who fought
With the hearts and souls of lions 'gainst a fearless savage foe,
Trusty rifle against rifle, hand to hand and blow for blow;

For the nonce they are forgotten, but the time is close at hand
When the men who saved our country shall be honor'd in the land;
Then among the line of heroes, one shall take a foremost place,
One who was not of our people, one who was not of our race,
One who followed glory's beacon from his boyhood till he fell,
Dying like a valiant soldier, after fighting long and well.
List the story of Von Tempsky,—master of the sword and lance,—
Brief the record, yet it seems like some wild legend or romance;
Born in the Germanic nation, in a martial cradle nursed,—
Gallant son of gallant soldier, glory claimed him from the first;
For the blood of ancient Poland filled his veins and made his heart
Leap with a desire to play in freedom's cause a leading part.
His a breast that knew not danger, his a stalwart arm and bold,
His a nature far too tameless to be cribb'd in cages old;
All the narrow ways of Europe, all the selfishness of caste,
All the tyranny of custom, all the serfdom of the past,
Roused his eagle soul to anger, and the soldier fled afar
To the wild Mosquito region where the hurricane of war
Blew away the Old World cobwebs from his eyes and from his brain,
As he led the untamed Indians 'gainst the troops of Sunny Spain.
Then again his love of 'venture took him to the Golden Gate,
Swept him back once more to Europe, and from thence his wayward fate
Tempted him across the ocean to the land of cloudless skies,
Where the hunters after fortune madly sought the precious prize;
Not for him the golden treasure, not for him the yellow corn,
He was doomed to die a soldier, for a soldier he was born.

On the plains of fair New Zealand savage war was in the air,
Plucky yeomen wanted leaders, and Von Tempsky's place was there.
Are there any Forest Rangers,—any of his comrades here?
If there are, then they can tell us of the hero's bright career.
How he, with the Flying Column, drove the Rebels from their lair
In the wild Henua Ranges; how his rifle's flash and flare
Mark'd the van in every movement; how his aim was firm and true,
How he always was the foremost where the bullets thickest flew;
How he, with McDonnell, ventured boldly into dangers teeth,
Moving up at Paparata to the very mouth of death.
They could tell of Mangapiko, and of famed Orakau's fight,
Where Von Tempsky won fresh laurels by his valor and his might!
Peace came in and spread her mantle all along Waikato's shore,
And the hero briefly rested till war's demon shriek'd once more
Through romantic Taranaki; then again he sought the front,
Ready to protect our banner and to bear the battle's brunt,
Ready at the call of duty, ready to fill honor's post,
Quick to grapple with the foemen, very slow to count the cost;
Self with him was next to nothing, bravery was all in all,
If we need the proof 'tis furnished in the picture of his fall;
Here it is:—Behold the forces boldly marching through the bush,—
Rurarua must be taken,—must be taken with a rush,—
This is fierce Titiko Waru's stronghold, and it must come down,
Hunt the Rebels from their fastness; onward, lads, for Queen and Crown!
"Onward, lads!" a storm of bullets whistles through the Rata trees,

And a yell of fierce defiance swells on the September breeze.
"Back, lads, back! the swarthy devils are invisible; 'tis vain,
We can't storm the pa while bullets fall among us thick as rain;
Back, lads!" See the troops retreating, with their wounded and their dead,
While the gallant Forest Rangers, with Von Tempsky at their head,
Fill the gory gap of danger, covering their friends' retreat,
While Death's leaden messengers continue flying sharp and fleet.
Safely hidden in the Ratas are the Rebels; vanished Hope
Leaves Confusion close behind her; open courage cannot cope
With the foes who lie in ambush; chances of success are past;—
"Under cover! Comrades," cries he, and that sentence is his last;
"Under cover, Comrades!" cries he, while exposed the leader stood,—
Whizz'd the bullet and the green grass turn'd to crimson with his blood.
As the gallant soldier's spirit vanished from the soldier's shell,—
This is how the hero left us, this is how Von Tempsky fell.

THE COLONIST.

MORN'S crimson banner floats across the East,
And bounteous Nature spreads her harvest feast;
The eye of day is peeping o'er the plain,
His silv'ry glances kiss the golden grain;
Sweet flowers, awaking from their dewy dreams,
Look up and smile beneath his warming beams;
The sparkling creek laughs brightly 'neath his rays,
And woos the lambkins with its babbling lays.
From yonder homestead in the river bend
Blue wreaths of smoke in snake-like folds ascend;
They seem like spiral stairs by angels given,
That fireside prayers might mount their steps to Heaven;
For round that hearth, before and after toil,
The hardy tiller of the fruitful soil

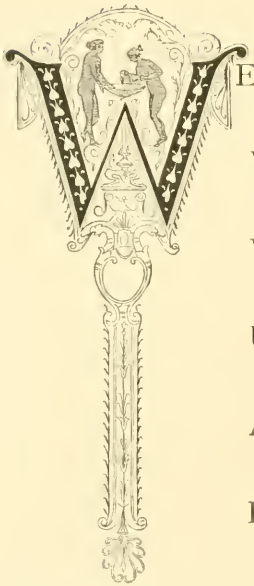
From yonder
homestead in the river bend
Blue wreaths of smoke in snake-like
folds ascend.

Collects his youthful family, and tells
Of spiritland, where great Jehovah dwells.
The kindly mother, seated by his side,
Sings holy songs in praise of Him who died
To save this sinful world. Contented pair!
To such as ye how sweet the hour of prayer;
For then, affection's purest fountains spring,
And loving hearts in sacred union cling
Around the goal of faith, where virtue weaves
Immortal chaplets of celestial leaves.
Well may that father's brow with smiles be crowned,
As, gazing on his dear ones grouped around,
He sees sure pledges that his honest fame
Will be transmitted spotless with his name.
How changed the scene! A few short years have flown
Since Nature ruled this vale supreme, alone,
Wrapped in a robe of dreamy, dull repose,
Save when the savage war-cry shrill arose,
And rival tribes, like tigers when enraged,
In senseless and ferocious strife engaged.
No more the hills behold the brutal fray,
With spotless sceptre Peace holds sov'reign sway
The rural music of the busy farm
Has ta'en the place of discord's wild alarm.
The hunter now no longer plies his trade,
O'er hill and mountain, and through dell and glade
Abundance revels in the earth's embrace,
For plenty here has found a resting-place.
The fattened oxen and full-uddered kine,

The cackling poultry and the lazy swine;
The barn and granary, well-stored with corn,
Attest the power of her prolific horn,
The conqueror, returning from the fight.
May proud exult in his victorious might;
The patriot may guard with glowing breast
His country's honour sealed with freedom's crest;
The bard with quickened pulse may strike his lyre,
Arousing slaves with strains of martial fire;
Joy may be theirs, but pure ecstatic bliss
Attends a glorious victory like this.
The colonist came not with swords and spears—
Those glittering harbingers of blood and tears—
Although he loved his dear old native land,
She gave him nothing but a willing hand
And bold courageous heart; with these, in twain
He burst cold poverty's oppressive chain,
And crossed the ocean to this southern strand,
Where Hope enthroned held out a golden wand,
And pointed to a dawning future, where
Intelligence received its rightful share
Of Heaven's gifts; where labour led the van,
And built a home for ev'ry honest man.
Oh! who would boast of blood-stained laurels won,
Whilst gazing on the work his arms have done?
Here, in the wilderness, with plough and spade,
An empire's firm foundation he has laid;
On him Art smiles, and Commerce to him pays
A tribute, from her crowded marts and bays;

Religion showers her blessings on his head,
And Education follows in his tread.
Ye dupes, who plead the fierce barbarian's cause,
Throw sickly sentiment aside, and pause
In contemplation o'er this lovely scene,
Contrasting what it is with what 't has been,
And then confess that knowledge must advance,
And break the yoke of slavish ignorance—
Civilization's ensign be unfurled,
And truth enlighten a regen'rate world.

WAITING FOR THE MAIL.



E 'RE bound unto the dear old land with ties
of strong affection;
We love our Island Mother still, and would
not break the chain
Which bridges all the present with the past
in fond connection,
Upon whose span the old and new embrace
across the main:
A highway o'er the mountain waves, that
plunge in mad commotion,
Is opened up for commerce, and we welcome
every sail
Which brings us news of loving friends we left beyond the
ocean;
Our hearts beat quick with hope and fear whilst waiting for
the mail.

The daring soul who fled afar from poverty's oppression,
To publish 'neath a freer sky proud manhood's rightful claim;

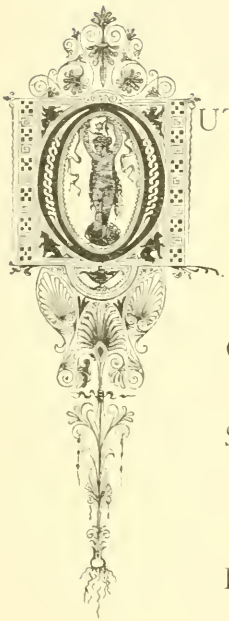
The wild, unbridled stripling, banished from his sire's possession,
For staining the escutcheon of an ancient honored name,
Are waiting at the post: the youth expecting a "remittance"—
His landlord frowns upon him now, and stops his wine and ale.
The other sent a trifle Home to swell a mother's pittance,
And anxiously awaits affection's answer by the mail.

Yon sentimental dreamer, who seems lost in meditation,
Is thinking of the bright-eyed lass he left far o'er the sea—
"For thee, my girl, I left my home to help to build a nation;
She'll surely send a letter kind, if still she's true to me."
The golden towers of hope spring up before him in his dreaming,
Beside him stands a man whose soul ne'er rises o'er a bale
Or package: still his busy brain for wealth is ever scheming—
With restless eager eye he waits advices by the mail.

That matron with the cheerful smile, who leads the pretty fairy
With flaxen curls, expects a loving message from afar,—
"Oh, Mother! What will Granny send this mail to little Mary?"
And here's a man who wants to know if "Railways" are at par;
Those mushroom politicians are discussing Europe's troubles;
Miss Lackadaisy's eager for Miss Braddon's latest tale;
And Swindleton is wond'ring if some antipodean bubbles
Would float upon the London mart, while waiting for the mail.

An hour hence, and some will leave the office quite elated,
And some until another mail must linger in suspense,
Whilst others, more unfortunate, to disappointment fated,
Will swear all friendship is a sham, and love a false pretence;
Bright sparks of hope are oft conveyed in some slight simple token,
To light the spirit onward, till "there's no such word as fail;"
And after the "delivery" true hearts are sometimes broken;
But still we nurse each cherished wish, whilst waiting for the mail.

AT SUNSET.



OUT on the beach when night was creeping—
Robed in shadows—across the dome,
We watched the waves as, shoreward leaping,
They fringed the sands with streaks of foam.

Ocean's heart, with its ceaseless throbbing,
Beat 'gainst billows that rose and fell;
Sometimes singing, and sometimes sobbing,
Sea-ghosts came on each foamy swell.

I stood dreaming of some old story,
Picturing forms on each white crest,
'Tranced in thought, till a flash of glory
Limn'd the skirts of the distant west.

"Look!" you cried, and we gazed, in wonder,
Over the deep where sea and sky
Met and kissed, as the sun danced under
Beams of gold in the archway high.

Oh! the splendour that tipp'd the mountains;
Oh! the beauty that rimm'd the lea;
Streams of brilliants, from rainbow fountains,
Sparkling fell on the purple sea.

Calmness stole o'er the deep, and lowly
Whispers floated upon the breeze:
"Hail to Thee, Holy, holy, holy!
Painter of shores and skies and seas!'

Not by us were the pure words spoken;
Not by us were the pure words said;
We were mute till the spell was broken;
We but gazed at the Heaven ahead.

Gazed, and worshipped, and prayed, and wondered
If that glory would gild the way
When life's sun sets, and friends are sunder'd,
And spirits 'scape from their shells of clay.

"She was the
queen, and her auburn hair
In wavy flakes to her bodice low,
Fell over her shoulders, white and bare,
A shower of gold on hills of snow."

THE CHRISTMAS QUEEN.

AN AUSTRALIAN TALE.

SHE was the queen, and her auburn hair
In wavy flakes to her bodice low,
Fell over her shoulders, white and bare,
A shower of gold on hills of snow.

She was the queen, and her dark blue eyes
Mellowed the glare of the ball-room's light,
Men who had thought themselves woman-wise,
And free from love, were enslaved that night.

Beautiful maidens were there, but none
Shone with such grace and such royal mien;
When the last waltz of the night was done,
They hailed fair Bertha their Christmas queen.

They hailed her queen, and a virgin flush
Coloured the snow with a rosy tint,
She shook her tresses to hide each blush,
With gold-threads woven in Nature's mint.

She sat by the side of one who spoke
Of love and truth and affection's power,
She was the lily, he was the oak,
She was the ivy, he was the tower.

She searched his heart with her deep blue eyes,
She searched his heart, and she found it true;
Then with a duet of tender sighs—
"You love me, Hubert, I love you too."

Ecstatic passion! beneath thy sway
The brain goes mad, and the heart runs wild;
Man makes an idol of ornate clay,
And worships it like a heathen child.

And woman, too, when she feels thy flame,
Throws reason by when her heart approves
Of him who has netted the precious game—
She makes a god of the man she loves.

The seers of science may rise, and read
God's writing up on the stary chart,
But those who study affection's creed,
Can feel the pulse of Creation's heart.

For Love is the pulse that beats and throbs
Throughout the universe, near and far;
Love is the fountain of smiles and sobs,
Of all we shall be, of all we are.

But where is the gold without alloy?
And where is the snow without a stain?
Our grief is often another's joy,
Our pleasure often another's pain.

Young Huber Cressey loved Bertha Leigh,
And she loved him with a love as deep,
He gave her his soul in pledge, and she
Then gave him her own fond heart to keep.

The clock chimed loudly the night's low noon,
And struck the death-knell of Christmas eve,
And down through the tress the Christmas moon
Beamed bright, as the guests prepared to leave.

And Hubert stood by his Bertha's steed—
"I pass, my love, by your father's door,
The track is narrow, I'll take the lead,
And you can follow, I'll ride before."

Then spake another, with passion hoarse,
"This lady came to the ball with me,
And she will return with me, of course,"—
"I've promised Hubert," said Bertha Leigh.

"That he should act as my homeward guide,
But you can come with us, Cyrus Gray—"
"Oh no, you're happier by *his* side,
I'll reach the house by a shorter way."

Your noble natures are ever slow
Suspecting evil—had Hubert read
His rival's eyes, he'd have mark'd a foe,
He merely laughed, and then rode ahead.

The moon looked down on that Christmas morn
O'er uplands mantled in gold and green,
Clustering vines and ripening corn
Belted the skirts of the forest scene.

Musical magpies were all awake
Rehearsing in glee their Christmas lays,
And carols and hymns for morning break,
To join all Nature in songs of praise.

Paroquets flocked to the creek's green edge,
To learn new notes from the playful stream
That dashed through the rushes, reeds and sedge,
Telling them all of the snowflake's dream.

Up on the hills where it slept all spring,
'Til summer's sun clomb the mountain's side,
And bid it wake from its sleep, and bring
Its freshness down in a babbling tide.

Fed by the brooklets purling along,
Stronger it grew, as rushing it fell
Down through the gully; louder its song
Burst from the forest into the dell.

The echoes that dwelt in sombre shades,
Where forest giants embraced above,
With leafy arms over dark green glades,
Like firm old friends link'd in ancient love.

The echoes caught up the clatt'ring sound
Of patt'ring hoofs on the lonely track,
And beat it to music round and round—
Then came a shriek and a rifle crack.

A hundred shots and a hundred shrieks,
Borne by the echoes round hill and glen,
Far in the scrub on the distant peaks
The dinge in fright fled from his den.

They died away, then a low sad croon
Was heard on the breeze, and then the boom
Of swamp-frogs came from the dark lagoon,
Like ghouls at work in some dismal tomb.

Through ti-tree scrub rushed the kangaroo,
Down the gully the wallaby sped,
Wildly the wail of the sad curlew
Came like the cry of a spirit fled.

And sadly the Christmas moon beamed o'er
Two lovers locked in a last embrace,
A show'r of gold in a pool of gore,
A manly brow near a pale sweet face.

The angels opened the gates above,
And welcomed two souls escaped from earth,
And ushered them through the halls of love
Where seraphs sang of their Prince's birth.

And where, you ask, is their earthly bed?
Deep in the bush 'neath a rich green mound,
Where weeping wattles at evening shed
Their silver tears when the spring comes round.

Bright silver tears from rich cups of gold,
Fall from the arms of each bending tree,
And sweet buds spring from the sacred mould
O'er Hubert Cressey and Bertha Leigh.

"And what of him with the brand of Cain?"
He fled, and his fate is still unknown,
But trust me, souls with a crimson stain
Cannot escape from the Judgment Throne.

LEAH.

FREE at last from the gloom that clouded
Life and love in thy sinking day;
Thy brow is veil'd, thy fair limbs shrouded,
Clay is married again to clay.

Free at last from the curse of beauty,
Free at last from the weeds that grow
Round the buds on the path of duty,
When genius walks; 'tis better so—

Better so, when the world grows dreary;
Better so, when young hopes have fled;
Better so, when the heart grows weary—
Better living among the dead.

Living among the dead—I've said it—
Some may rot, and yet some shall rise
Out of the grave; then who shall dread it?
'Tis but the soulless clod that dies.

Strangers smoothèd thy raven tresses
Over thy marble brow, my girl;
Closed thy lips with no fond caresses,
Closed them over the rows of pearl.

Strangers seal'd up those orbs whose flashes
Kindled often a quenchless spark;
Seal'd them under their long dark lashes,
Cover'd thy face—and then all was dark.

"Earth to earth!" and the clay was scatter'd,
Scatter'd over thy peaceful breast;
"Dust to dust!" and it little matter'd—
Only a woman had gone to rest.

What knew they of the passions tameless?
They but planted another clod;
"Let her sleep, though she was not blameless,
Give her soul to her Father—God.

"He is merciful, good and gracious;
He can raise up the weak and low;
In the halls of His mansions spacious
Scarlet sins are made white as snow."

Softly spoken the words, and kindly—
Freezing natures that have not known
Scorching rays can but measure blindly
Any heat that is not their own.

Night steals on, and the leaflets tremble
Up on the boughs of tall dark trees;
Night steals on, and the ghosts assemble
Out on the skirts of sighing seas.

Night steals on, and the shadows hover
Round the couch of the dying day;
Night steals on, and my song is over,
All its music has died away—

Died away on the waves that sever
Past from present, and shore from shore;
Melting into the great "for ever"—
Gone to her who has gone before.

THE BAD OLD TIMES.

PIRIT of Progress, raise thy cheerful voice,
And chant the death-song of the Bad Old Times;
Unfettered peoples of the earth rejoice!
At length ye triumph o'er the Bad Old Times.
Young heirs of Freedom, children of her choice,
Builders of Empires in the Golden Climes,
Oh learn a lesson from the perished past—
Before you lies the future, clear and vast:
'Tis yours, to shape and mould the Coming Times.

Look down, my brothers, from this lofty height,
Into the murky depths of yon ravine,
Where Ages dead, float o'er the pool of night—
Whose stagnant dregs submerge Earth's fairest green,
Where gasping freedom, with her torch alight,
And banner blazoned with the crest of Right!

Bursts from the tyrant grasp of brutal Might,
To 'scape the dungeons where her cage hath been.
Oh, Brother Freemen! when the nations lay
Beneath the shadow of the Bad Old Times,
Fierce, crimson-handed Bigotry held sway—
(Curs'd mother of the blackest, foulest crimes),
And marshalled all her fiends in grim array
To nurture Hate, and banish Love away;
Her footprints still remain on Earth to-day.
Erase them, brothers, from our Golden Climes!

Oh, Brother Freemen, when the night was dark,
Injustice sat enthroned on scaffold high—
True Manhood, branded with the Traitor's mark,
Found no approach to Justice, save to die.
But Freedom's embers slept in Reason's Ark—
Unquenched, though black, until the People's cry
Fanned into life one grand Promethean spark,
Which flash'd athwart the clouds and cleared the sky.

Oh, Brother Freemen, we have reached the hill;
Our giant sires have formed and made the track,
Their axes cleared our path with manly will—
Press onward up the mountain, turn not back;
Below us sink the cruel, Bad Old Times,
Swept by an avalanche of blood and crimes,
With screw and gibbet, torture-wheel and rack

Into Time's whirlpool, there to lie until
Our mountain torrents, in translucent flood,
Rush from the lofty peaks of Freedom fair,
And sweep away the stagnant pools of blood
That still with noisome breath pollute the air.
Then white-robed Peace, with mantle pure and rare,
Shall veil the mem'ry of the Bad Old Times—
When War's red corse lies in its purple lair;
When Love reigns King, and Tyrants shall not dare
To stain Earth's Olden Lands or Golden Climes.

NOT DEAD.

I GAZED upon the withered buds and said—
"Sweet little flow'rets, ye are precious yet,
The sun that kissed ye into life has set,
The fragrant perfume of your breath has fled.

"Pure relics of the sweetness of the earth,
Your blushing loveliness of yesterday
Has vanished, and your bloom has passed away,
The garden bee forgets your place of birth.

"Bright new-born sisters fill your cradles green,
And sip at morn your cups of pearly dew,
They grow to-day where yesterday ye grew,
And smile around as if ye ne'er had been.

"Why are ye precious, then, sweet flow'rets, why,
If those poor faded leaves alone remain
As dear mementoes of your transient reign?—
Because to me, sweet buds, ye cannot die!

"A gentle hand has made ye part of me,
For here below, our selfish spirits cull
All they can gather of the beautiful
To clothe themselves for immortality."

PASSING THROUGH THE GATE.

TEN years of sorrow and of glee
Have fled since first you met with me,
When mother asked you home to tea:
You stayed until 'twas late, Jack;
And when you wished us all "Good night,"
To show you out I brought the light;
You caught my hand and pressed it tight
Whilst passing through the gate, Jack.

You came again, and when we met,
You said I was your darling pet,
You praised my hair and eyes of jet,
And called me "Pretty Kate," Jack;
At your approach, though Snap was dumb,
The cute old 'possum on the gum
Laughed loudly when he saw me come
To greet you at the gate, Jack.

But angels
sometimes
leave their home,
And o'er earth's
lovely valleys roam
In search of buds to deck the dome
Above God's throne of state, Jack.

A month had scarcely died away,
When on a bright-faced summer's day,
A coach and pair (the horses grey)—
  My heart retains the date, Jack—
Drove up the lane, and stopped before
The rose-bush hedge that faced our door,
And two light bosoms, brimming o'er
  With joy, passed through the gate, Jack.

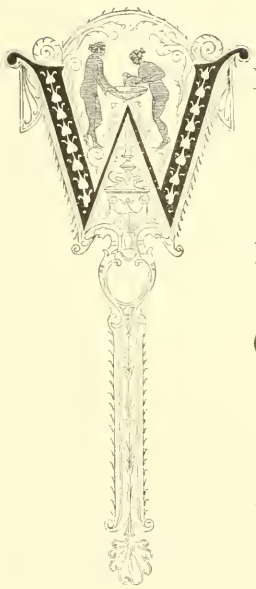
And months of pleasure came and went,
And each new season brought content,
Three love-gifts unto us were sent;
  Our happiness was great, Jack.
A manly boy, reflecting you,
And Lilly, with her orbs of blue,
And Kate with eyes of hazel hue—
  Oh, blessings on that gate, Jack.

But angels sometimes leave their home,
And o'er earth's lovely valleys roam
In search of buds to deck the dome
  Above God's throne of state, Jack;
They came into our garden fair,
And gathered up our flowerets rare;
Then climbing up yon starry stair,
  They brought them through the gate, Jack.

The withered stalks fell 'neath the sod,
And sorrow hung o'er our abode;
Some said it was the "will of God,"
And others said 'twas "fate," Jack;
And summer came, and spring went by,
The world seemed blank to you and I—
No merry laugh, nor childish cry
Was heard about the gate, Jack.

But peace to us has come again;
We're linked to them with deathless chain.
Behind the sun, beyond the plain,
We know for us they wait, Jack;
And when we've run this earthly race,
In heaven for us they'll keep a place,
Where soul to soul, and face to face,
They'll meet us at the gate, Jack.

THE EMIGRANT'S WELCOME.



E greet you, stranger, to this land
Where slaves have never trod—
The breeze which sweeps our mountains
Is the breath of freedom's god.
If you've a hand to help us
In the work we've got to do
(The building of a nation grand)
Then, friend, we welcome you.

We greet you, stranger, if you have
A soul that can expand
To thank great Nature for the gifts
She strews with lavish hand.
In time's progressive vanguard,
We are marching staunch and true—
If you've a heart to join our ranks,
Then, friend, we welcome you.

We greet you, stranger, if you can
  Turn up the maiden field,
And garner the prolific wealth
  Our virgin soil will yield.
If you can search earth's bowels,
  And her treasures bring to view,
Or fashion in the shop or forge,
  Then, friend, we welcome you.

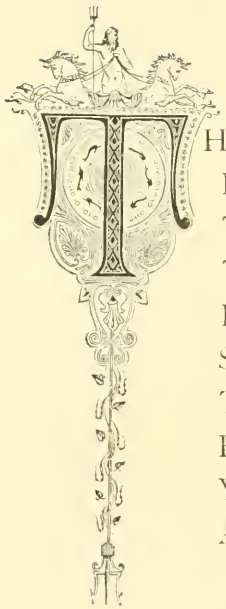
We greet you, stranger, if you have
  A mind that's skilled to teach
A youthful State the clearest road
  True happiness to reach.
The quarter-deck of our young ship
  Is open to the crew;
If you've the talent to command,
  Then, friend, we welcome you.

But, stranger, if you come to spurn
  The gifts which God has sent,
To pass your days in indolence,
  Or brood in discontent;
With soul and body chained in vice,
  Unfit for honest gear,
Then let us tell you plainly, friend,
  We do not want you here.

No wretched dens, nor crowded lanes,
  Where squalid starvelings hide,
Disgrace our pure untainted plains—
  The road to wealth is wide.
The blessings which great Heaven bestows
  On man are here to spare,
Come join us, true and noble souls,
  We offer you a share.

THE OLD LOG HUT.

AN AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN'S TALE.



THE skeleton of the Old Log Hut
Is standing yonder beside the creek
That purls along with its ceaseless chant,
Through reeds and rushes and tangled roots,
Running away, till its mellow song
Sinks in the depths of its mother's voice;
Though it had birth on the mountain tops,
Far, far away from the giant flood,
Yet still it is Ocean's lisping child,
And ever she calls it to her breast.

The skeleton of the Old Log Hut
Is standing there in its solitude,
And thistles and mallows thick and rank,
Are spreading over the camping ground,

And weeds grow strong in the garden plot;
The flowers are dead and the fence is down,
And the rosebush hedge, with straggling stems
In wildness grows, like an untrained child
Who nurses the wasting thorns of vice
That choke the blossoms of hope and truth.
The skeleton of the Old Log Hut
Remains a relic of other times;
And still do the stately gum trees stretch
Their shadows athwart the dark lagoon,
Upon whose edges the carpet snakes
Bask in the heat of the noon-day sun,
And iguanos come down to drink,
And flaunt their scales in the golden blaze;
Whilst laughing birds on the lofty boughs
Are mocking the merriment of man.

"Let's hobble the nags, old mate of mine,
We'll wait for the team whilst they've a spell;
This hut to me is a sacred shrine,
We've all some little romance to tell.
'Tis years since last I have viewed this vale,
But sit ye down, and I'll tell my tale.

"Her father was a simple man,
Her mother was a kind old dame,
And I was their adopted son,

A playmate of the only one
Who bore their honoured, stainless name.
Our lives in peace and comfort ran,
Until a dark-soul'd villain came
To cast a blight on all around,
And steal my bud from them and me.
Old mate I still can hear the sound
Of that sweet voice so full of glee;
Her eyes were of the darkest blue,
Bright ripplets from the spring of love;
The gold which gave her hair its hue,
Came from the sun's own mint above;
No classic artist ever gave
The impress of a goddess fair
To stone or canvas, with such skill
As God placed His image there;
But still she sank, misfortune's slave—
I should not murmur, 'twas His will,
And now she's in His holy care.
I was a rash, romantic boy,
That nurtured rich ideal themes,—
Oh, how I pictured scenes of joy,
And built up palaces in dreams
When she was seated by my side,
Beneath the ferns' umbrageous shade,
Or strolling by the brooklet's side,
That still meanders down the glade.
Or wandering where the wattles shook
Their golden ringlets on the breeze,

And paroquets through dell and nook,
Sang forest lays and melodies.
One evening when December's sun,
Was passing through the crimson gate
That opens when his work is done,
To let him steal away in state,
On to relieve the morning star,—
His outpost on the distant dome
That canopies the climes afar,—
Her father brought a stranger home,
A trav'ller who had lost his way,
And claimed a lodging for the night;
We welcomed him and bade him stay,
And from that night and from that day,
Upon our home there came a blight.
There are some men to whom we feel
A strange repugnance from the first
Acquaintance, but why this should be,
Remains a mystery to me;
And there are other men we see,
For whom the flowers of friendship burst,
Ere we have scanned the outside seal
Which indicates the soul within;
To whom we ope our bosoms free,
And feel our thoughts to theirs akin.
This stranger's face was fair, and yet
The moment that our glances met,
A feeling which I can't explain,
Rushed madly through my every vein,

Half hate, half fear, half doubt, half dread;
I fancied that I could espy
That grave where honour's soul lay dead
Within his cold deceitful eye.
His was a free and ready tongue,
And when the evening meal was o'er,
Upon his words the old man hung,
And wondered much how one so young
Could have a brain so stocked with lore.
He told us of his roving life,
His travels on the parched-up tracks
Of Northern Austral, and of strife
With savages, where war was rife
'Tween ventur'us whites and cunning blacks.
He'd wandered far, where Wills and Burke
Unlocked the bosom of our land;
But more he did not care to roam,
And he would lend a willing hand
To earn his bread by manly work,
If he could find a quiet home.
The boon was granted, then was made
A compact, and with us he stayed
To watch the cattle on the plain,
And gather in the ripened grain.
Old mate of mine, say hast thou seen
The sprouting corn change in a day
From freshest, fairest, purest green,
To sapless, dried, and withered hay;
Say, hast thou seen the flowers at morn,

In strength and beauty sweetly blow,
And in the evening, like the corn,
Bend o'er their stems and cease to grow?
Then, canst thou understand the change
That swept across my inmost soul,
And darkened all the glittering goal
That woo'd me to the future!—Strange
That Fate should claim such bitter toll,
Oft when we climb Ambition's range:
Then thou canst understand how swift
The buddings of affection fell—
These flowerets I had nursed so well—
When nipped by Sorrow's wintry drift:
And Hope again shall never lift
Their leaflets with her magic spell.
Days gathered into weeks, and they
Ran into months—still he remained;
And when the moon of Autumn waned
In wintry depths of sombre grey,
He still sat at our board, and she
Would gloat upon his every glance
Like one in a mesmeric trance,
And soon she scarcely noticed me;
Whene'er he smiled her face was bright,
And when he frowned her brow was sad;
Ah, mate! I then was nearly mad,
Despair had dimmed Love's holy light
Within my breast, and in its stead
Came jealousy to foster hate,

And rule supreme where hope lay dead.
Oh, why came he to blast my fate,
And rob me of my lovely mate,
The maid to whom my soul was wed?
Why linger on the record drear,
Of bootless love and wounded pride?
Within the circle of the year,
Her parents and my guardians died,
And scarcely were the tear-drops dried
Upon the mound above their bier,
When she became Black Harold's bride;
And then I fled, with spirit crushed,
Far, far across the forests wild;
And many a night when I've been bush'd
Where all save Nature's voice was hushed,
I've wept like some forsaken child;
But when grief's floodgates were unpent,
A ray of hope would sometimes dart
Across my path, to light my heart,
And banish grief and discontent.
Well, soon I found a new abode,
Engaged to till the fertile soil,
I fought my way along life's road,
And earned my bread by honest toil.
And then I said, 'I will forget
That Alice and myself ere met;
I will forget that witching face,
So full of soul, and love, and grace;
I will forget the time when she

Was guardian angel unto me,
When to my ear her tender words
Mock'd all the music of the birds;
I will forget those eyes I praised,
I will forget those towers I raised;
I will forget—' Ah! vain resolve,
Go, ask the earth to stay its course,
And round the sun no more resolve;
Go quell the angry tempest's force,
Command the breakers not to move—
The problem of creation solve;
Explore the highest heaven above,
And quench the most refulgent star:
These tasks are easier by far,
Than striving to forget the form
We worshipped when affection warm,
Wove fairy dreams round early love.
Old Winter walked in Autumn's track
Three circuits, in his train came Spring,
With roseate smiles, three times to bring
Her blessings in profusion back
To earth; and when she'd taken wing,
Warm Summer, like a blushing maid,
Took up her bright-eyed sister's place,
And three times at her station stayed,
And three times in the circling race,
She saw her sister's flowerets fade.
And all that time I did not hear
From Alice, save in dreamings vain;

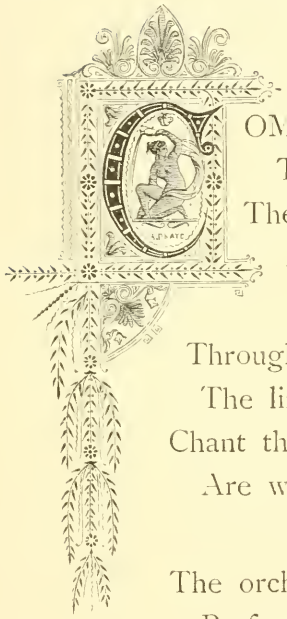
And then to me she would appear
With heart as light and eye as clear
As when she was my playmate dear:
And fond old times rolled back again.
Well mate, to make my story short,
Some business called me into town;
And passing by the City Court,
Some mornings after I'd been down,
I mingled with the idling throng
That gathered in the civic hall,
Where sin and grief and shame and wrong,
Were borne in one dark stream along,
To show how men and women fall.
The drunkard's gang came first, and then
A wretched-looking woman stood
Before the Bench, and by her side
A ragged little starvling cried;
Intense emotion fired my blood—
Old mate, I knew that form again.
'Twas Alice, withered, sad, and pale;
Oh! what a change had taken place
In that once sweet, expressive face.
A charge of vagrancy was brought;
The case was clear the Justic thought;
At midnight she was seen to roam,
Without a friend, without a home,
Without a cheerful word to light
The darkness of misfortune's night.
Oh! as she told her mournful tale,

Old mate, I cursed the human race;
Betrayed, deserted, scorned, reviled,
By him, the villain, who beguiled
Her pure affections with his art,
Then left her with a broken heart,
And spirit crushed, to nurse his child.
Our glances met—a piercing shriek
Rang through the building, and she fell
Upon the floor; her pallid cheek
Told all the grief she could not speak.
Old friend, I really cannot tell
What happened next. My reeling brain
Wrapt all my senses in a cloud;
And when to me they came again,
I stood amidst a motley crowd
Upon the street, and some one said
That she was dying or was dead
Within the hospital. I ran,
A sorrowful distracted man,
Into the ward where she was laid:
And, kneeling down beside her bed,
I kissed her cold, pale lips, and prayed.
And then a bright smile rested on
Her tranquil features, thin and wan,
A radiant gleam that flashed once more
Across the gates of Mem'ry's store,
Unlocking all the wealth of yore
Within my bosom's inmost core.
And then in accents soft and low,

She said to me, 'Before I go
To rest in peace, oh, promise me
You'll guard my child when I am free!'
'By all the love I once bore thee,
I swear to guard it,' I replied;
And then the veil was drawn aside,
The gates of heav'n were opened wide,
God's lamp of immortality
Across her tranquil features shone;
Her soul escaped, her body died,
And all her earthly woes were gone.
Black Harold has not crossed my path,
For both of us, 'tis just as well;
Old mate, I could not bind my wrath
Were we to meet! You know sweet Nell,
The blue-eyed little fairy lass
That keeps my home beyond the dell,
And twines her image round my heart?
Well, she is Aley's child! You seem
Astonished!—Why, here comes the team,
And we must reach the mountain pass
To-night. Then let us up and start."

In twists and
twines the ivy shines,
And fondly clasps the ruined steeple;
I fancy oft, the daws aloft
Are laughing downwards at the people.

A DREAM OF CHILDHOOD.



COME, father, dear, the morn is clear,
The azure arch has not a shadow;
The lark, so free, lilts o'er the lea,
And quails run madly through the meadow.

Through furze and sedge, and hazel hedge,
The linnets, finches, blackbirds, thrushes,
Chant thrilling strains, and sweet refrains
Are wafted through the holly bushes.

The orchard trees embrace the breeze,
Profusely hung with sweets, they shiver;
Laburnums weep o'er yonder steep;
Their yellow ringlets kiss the river.

Say, shall we go where lilacs blow,
And beech trees weave their boughs together?
Or through the grove, where sweethearts love
To meet at eve in summer weather?

Or up the stile, where wood-nymphs smile,
And sport around when stars are gleaming;
And fairies cross the velvet moss
At midnight, father, whilst we're dreaming?

The sycamore, that stretches o'er
The greensward, when the lambkins gather,
Protects the glade with tranquil shade—
Come, let us wander there, dear father.

Tall witch-elms guard the old churchyard,
Where mother lies 'neath grassy cover,
With silver fringe and golden tinge—
The pretty daisies bloom above her.

In twists and twines the ivy shines,
And fondly clasps the ruined steeple;
I fancy oft, the daws aloft
Are laughing downwards at the people.

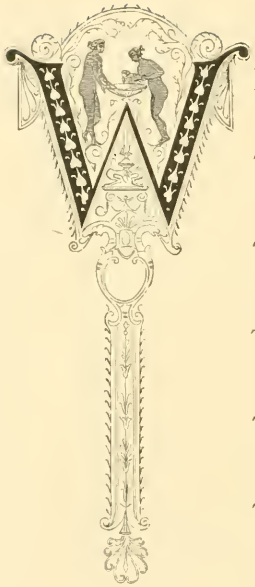
You know the grot, and shepherd's cot,
Across the park, where grow the cherries;
In clusters rich, along the ditch,
Hang sloes, and haws, and brierberries.

The rushy pond lies just beyond,—
There lives the cunning tyrant, otter;
Around its brink pale lilies drink,
And view their faces in the water.

But sorrow's trace is on thy face,
Dear father! hast thou cause for sadness?
No gloom should now be on thy brow,
When blooming Nature laughs with gladness.

Ah! thou art gone! and I'm alone,—
There's magic in those dreaming hours.
From Mem'ry's root springs fancy's fruit,
And childhood's purest, fairest flowers!

OLD LETTERS.



HAT stories of the vanished time those
dear old letters bring;
They strike the chords of memory that
round the heart's core cling.
These whisper softly in our ears of forms
and faces fled;
They summon back the distant ones, and
conjure up the dead;
They fan the smouldering flame of thought
that slumbers in the brain;
They preach a plaintive sermon, and they
chant a sad refrain.

With trembling hands and beating hearts we ope those
letters old;
A little history is hid within each crumpled fold.
They tell of love, they tell of grief, perchance they tell of
shame;

And oft they call a heart's pearl up to bathe some cherished
name.
And sometimes too they bring us back deceit in friendship's
guise:
The shallow thing that comes in spring, and in the winter
dies.

Whilst pondering on the faded ink, ambition wakes once
more;
And Hope, exulting, cheers us on, and calls us to the fore;
Proud thoughts and noble impulses flash through the joyous
mind;
But soon they're blown by reason's breath, like thistledown
by wind.
The bright ideal dreamings fade before the lamp of truth,
Ah, still 'tis hard to part with those dear nurslings of our
youth.

Old letters, oft ye tell us tales of pleasant evenings spent,
Where mirth, and wit, and beauty reigned, surrounded by
content!
And tender forms are stayed again, and little hands are
pressed,
And vows are breathéd softly too, and sweet lips are caressed,
We spell the fond words o'er and o'er, until each sentence
seems
A passage in some magic book that tells of fairy dreams.

Sweet messengers! some of ye crossed the wild expansive foam
With throbbings of affection culled from many a breast at Home;
The tear-stained paper yet recalls bright eyes that used to glow
With pleasure in our joyousness, and in our grief o'erflow;
The merry haunts of boyhood's days before our visions start—
The queen of painters, Nature, finds her easel in the heart.

And sometimes in the heap we find a missive edged with gloom—
We open up the envelope, and peep into the tomb;
What! have they placed these noble forms to rot beneath the sod?
Has Heaven no higher mission for the images of God?
The spirit gusts that sigh at night through cypress trees, reply—
"The jewel wears no casket in the treasury on high."

Old letters! ye are records of events which leave a trace
Upon the map of memory, and marching on apace,
We often turn and gaze across the continents and isles—

Those tracts are robed in sombre hues—these spots are
decked with smiles;
When evening shades the mountain tops, and twilight shadows
swell,
Old letters! ye are wizards then, that weave a dreamy spell.

THE SOUL'S TREASURY.

THE heartless miser, mean and cold,
May bow before his yellow god,
I covet not his fruitless gold,
I envy not the selfish clod;
I've riches of a brighter stamp
Locked in my soul with sacred key,
And by the light of mem'ry's lamp
I view the wealth God gave to me.

Ah! there I keep my jewels rare,
And luminous my treasures gleam:
My visionary towers are there,
Built up in many a happy dream;
The kiss that sealed my infant prayer,
When first I made my childish plea
Unto our Father's throne, is there,
Among the wealth God gave to me.

Warm beams of love, and rays of truth,
And gleams of hope and sparks of thought,

And echoes of the songs of youth,
  And music in the spring-time caught
From warblers wild, that waked the heart
  To nature's purest minstrelsy:
Such blessed gifts are but a part
  Of all the wealth God gave to me.

Among my riches I can trace
  Impressions of hearts legal and kind,
And negatives of many a face
  In lustrous tabernacle shrined;
And there are flow'rets from the tombs
  Of vanished friends I may not see
Till God's eternal lamp illumes
  The precious wealth He gave to me.

But not to you nor me alone
  The past its soothing sweetness gives,
Each soul has coffers of its own
  Wherein man's better nature lives;
Let worldlings hug their earthly gains,
  They come and go, they fade and flee,
Imagination still remains
  To guard the wealth God gave to me.

APRIL HERE, AND APRIL THERE.[1]

THROUGH the realms of coral fairies,
Down the ocean's sloping sides,
O'er the sea-god's swelling prairies,
There are lands where Spring abides,
Linnets singing,
Blue-bells springing,
Fragrance melting on the air;
Friendly meetings,
Kindly greetings—
April here, and April there.

April here is robed in shadows,
Heralds of impending gloom;
April there sheds o'er the meadows
Yellow, white, and purple bloom.
Here, clouds flying,
Nature sighing,

[1] In 1871 exceedingly rough weather occurred in April. This was an exceptional circumstance as April in New Zealand is generally a very fine month.

On her brow a shade of care;
Wintry traces,
Dreary places—
April here, and April there.

There, the lark's grand song is swelling,
O'er the blue, ethereal arch;
And the am'rous dove is telling
Love notes on the elm or larch.
Daisies gleaming,
Cowslips teeming
With rich nectar, pure and rare;
Holly shining,
Ivy twining—
April here, and April there.

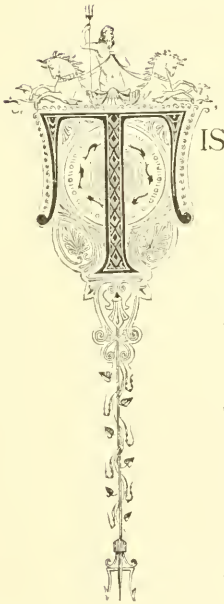
Bursting o'er yon flax-clod mountain,
Sadly groans the dark-brow'd blast;
Fitful streams from Heaven's fountain,
Driving torrents fierce and fast.
Ravines rushing,
Rivers gushing,
Tall reeds rave in mad despair;
Breakers foaming,
Ever roaming,
April here, and April there.

April there, warm showers descending,
Bearing gifts from heaven to earth;
Buds and new-blown roses blending,
Thanks to Him who gave them birth.
Old age talking,
Lovers walking,
Round the grey stile's mossy stair;
Lilac stooping,
Lilies drooping—
April here, and April there.

But we'll have a season here, too,
Borne on Earth's prolific breast—
Effusive, beautiful, and clear, too,
As reigns now where our fathers rest.
Darkest sorrow
Hope should borrow—
Winter should not bring despair;
Spring will follow,
Grief is hollow—
Look up! the brightest April's there.

THE TRAMP OF THE FIRE BRIGADE.[1]

(DEDICATED TO THE DUNEDIN FIRE BRIGADE.)



IS grand to hear the trumpet clear,
When it calls the soldier on,
To prove his might in the field of fight,
Where valiant deeds are done;
And the gallant tread, of the troops when led,
By their leader's flashing blade,
Sounds loud and true—but there's music too
In the tramp of the Fire Brigade.
No prouder tramp
In field or camp,
On march or on parade,
Than the Firemen's tread
As they rush a-head,
Hurrah for the Fire Brigade.

[1] Muisc by Marcus Hume, Esq.

The flames flash high, and the lurid sky
Reflects the fiery glare;
And the inmates shriek, and the timbers creak,
And the crackling rafters flare;
And the deep-toned bell, with brazen knell,
Makes frantic cries for aid;
Keep back, keep back, and clear the track—
Make room for the Fire Brigade!
No prouder tramp
In field or camp,
On march or on parade,
Than the Firemen's tread
As they rush a-head,
Hurrah for the Fire Brigade!

That noble band, at their chief's command,
Mount up on the crumbling walls,
With axe and hose, where the red flame glows,
And the blazing rooftree falls;
The crowd retreat, from the scorching heat,
But the Firemen, undismayed,
With courage true, the flames subdue,
Hurrah for the Fire Brigade!
No prouder tramp
In field or camp,

On march or on parade,
Than the Firemen's tread,
As they rush a-head,
Hurrah for the Fire Brigade!

HURRAH FOR NEW ZEALAND.[1]

SAID Freedom to Britain, that bold little nation,
"I've lately discovered a fine piece of land,
And as I intend there to 'stablish a station,
I want your best children to give me a hand.
Like thee, on the water,
Thy beautiful daughter,
A nymph of the ocean sits proud and elate;
Then give me a few men,
Thy brave and thy true men,
To live and to work on my Southern estate,
My Southern estate,
My Southern estate.
In majesty rises a bold and a free land,
The starry cross glows
O'er the unsullied snows
That crown her grand mountains—Hurrah for New Zealand!"

[1] Set to music by Marcus Hume, Esq.

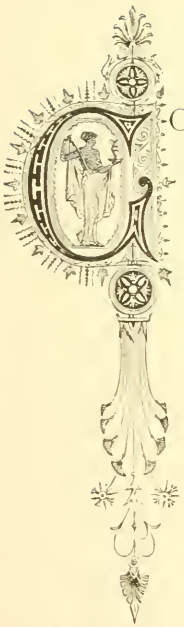
The
starry gross glows
O'er the unsullied snows
That crown her grand mountains –
Hurrah for New Zealand.

Then Britain to Freedom said, "Loving defender
Thy wish is my law, I'm a debtor to thee;
Pick out loyal hearts who will honor and tend her,
And make my fair daughter a Queen of the Sea.
My Celt and my Saxon
Shall ne'er turn their backs on
The minions of tyranny, envy, or hate,
Should they dare assail her,
My sons shall not fail her,
Their strong arms shall fence in thy Southern estate,
Thy Southern estate,
Thy Southern estate.
In majesty rises a bold and a free land,
The starry cross glows
O'er the unsullied snows
That crown her grand mountains—Hurrah for New Zealand."

Oh brothers! our race has a time-honored story,
With pride we look back on the days that are gone;
Before us, Fame holds in a halo of glory
The map of our future, and beckons us on.
The East with its pleasures,
The West with its treasures,
The North with its lore, on our country shall wait;
All freemen shall cheer her;
And tyrants shall fear her,
For Freedom's at home on her Southern estate,

Her Southern estate,
Her Southern estate.
In majesty rises a bold and a free land,
The starry cross glows
O'er the unsullied snows
That crown her grand mountains—Hurrah for New Zealand!

DUNEDIN FROM THE BAY.



O, trav'ler, unto others boast
Of Venice and of Rome;
Of saintly Mark's majestic pile,
And Peter's lofty dome;
Of Naples and her trellised bowers;
Of Rhineland far away:—
These may be grand, but give to me
Dunedin from the Bay.

A lovely maiden seated in
A grotto by the shore;
With richest crown of purest green
That virgin ever wore;
Her snowy breast bedecked with flowers
And clustering ferns so gay,—

Go, picture this, and then you have
Dunedin from the Bay.

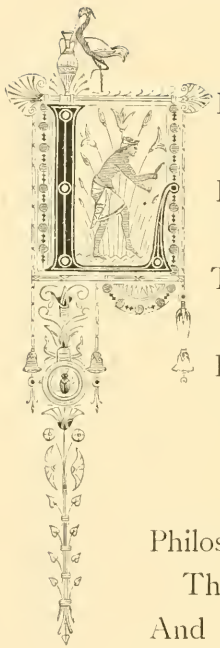
A fairy, round whose brilliant throne
Great towering giants stand,
As if impatient to obey
The dictates of her wand;
Their helmets hidden in the clouds,
Their sandals in the spray—
Go picture this, and then you have
Dunedin from the Bay.

A priestess of the olden time
(Ere purer rites had birth)
On Nature's altar offering up
The homage of the earth;
Surrounded by grim Druids, robed
In mantles green and grey—
Go picture this, and then you have
Dunedin from the Bay.

O never till this breast grows cold
Can I forget that hour,
As standing on the vessel's deck
I watched the golden shower

Of yellow beams, that darted
From the sinking king of day,
And bathèd in a mellow flood
Dunedin from the Bay.

LIGHT ENOUGH.

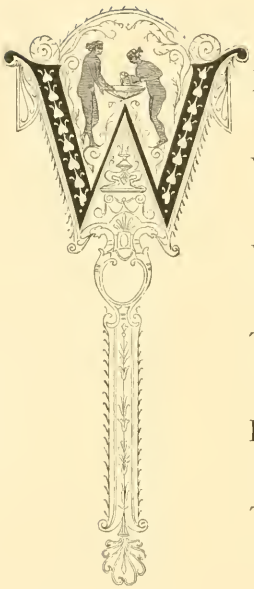


LET bards and sages seek for light,
I know where lurks the treasured prize;
Rays which illume the blackest night
Flash brightly from my darling's eyes;
Through life we all have hills to face,
And many a dark and rugged bluff;
But I the path of hope can trace,
When she is near I've light enough.

Philosophers may strive to solve
The problem of man's mystic fate,
And strain to catch, as they revolve,
A glimpse through the eternal gate;
The "why and wherefore" let them seek,
I'll take the world both smooth and rough,
My soul's lit with a dazzling streak
When she is near, I've light enough.

Great minds may climb to Nature's throne,
And pluck the secret from her breast,
The jewels on her azure zone,
Bold giant intellects may test.
But I will act my humble part,
Though clouds may come and Fate rebuff;
Refulgent joy-beams gild my heart
When she is near, I've light enough.

OUR SPARTAN WALLS.



HERE are the walls of Sparta? what ramparts can she boast?
Where are the walls of Sparta? Behold yon sturdy host
Whose mighty columns stretch along fair Lacedæmon's vale;
There stand the walls of Sparta, and who dare them assail?
Lycurgus plann'd those Doric forts, built up of kingly men,
To guard the land!—And here we stand as Spartan walls again.

Where are the walls of Sparta? Our coasts are fortless, too;
What matters that? for here are hearts as dauntless and as true
As ever beat in Spartan breasts; and Freedom here has found
A grander clime, a brighter home, a higher vantage ground

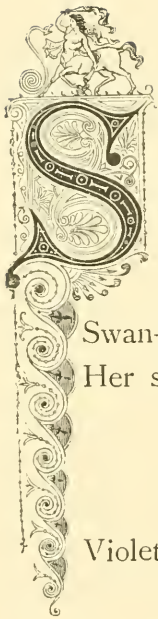
Than ever proud Laconia gave—each hill, and plain, and glen,
And dell, and glade for her was made with Spartan walls again.

Where are the walls of Sparta? Our rugged mountains rise
Their bold, ambitious, hoar-crown'd heads, in grandeur to the skies;
Those are old loyal sentinels, that ne'er desert their posts
Round Freedom's shrine. But 'fenceless are the gateways of our coasts;
No battlements protect our bays, nor fortresses! Why, then,
We must resort to living forts, and Spartan walls again!

Where are the walls of Sparta, the stronghold and the keep?
The castellated battery to frown across the deep?
I see no iron turrets here, no ramparts built of stone!—
Behold Zealandia's strong towers of flesh, and blood, and bone,
Invincible as those that held the glorious valley when
Leonidas stood in the Pass—Our Spartan walls again.

Where are the walls of Sparta?—Advance our Yeomen! Ho!
See! see they rush to guard the land all ready for the foe!
No Helots here, the Freeman's seal is stamp'd on every face,
These are the trusty guardians of the honor of our race!
Should savage slaves assail us; to trowel, plough, and pen
We'll bid adieu, for rifles true, and Spartan walls again.

MEMORIA IN ETERNA.

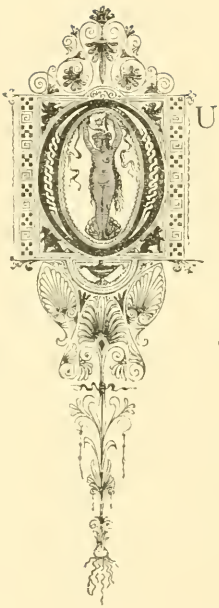


STILL she lives in her picture there,
Memoria in eterna;
Lips so ruddy and brow so fair,
Memoria in eterna;
Cheeks with tint of the roses red,
Swan-like neck and majestic head,
Her spirit's there,—she is not dead,
Memoria in eterna.

Violet eyes and golden hair,
Memoria in eterna;
Gazing still with her queenly air,
Memoria in eterna;
Into memory's soul she peers,
Lighting up all the vanished years,
Joys and sorrows and smiles and tears,
Memoria in eterna.

Call ye the canvas lifeless?—No—
Memoria in eterna;
Her face is there with a deathless glow,
Memoria in eterna;
Glorious art, 'twas God that gave
The painter's palette and brush to save
Faces of fond ones from the grave,
Memoria in eterna.

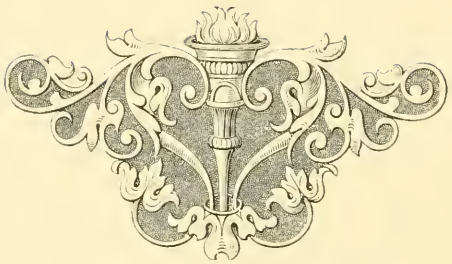
AFFINITY.



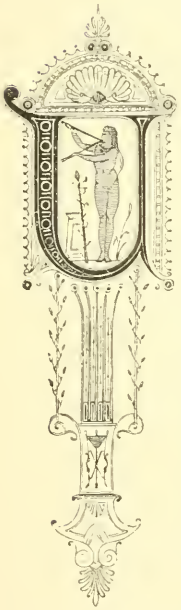
UR souls are sisters! I have felt a thrill
Of wildest joy rush through my every sense,
When from thy liquid orbs my soul did fill
Affection's cup, and quaffing it until
Intoxicated with its influence,
She offered at thy shrine, heart, mind, and will,
Consuming them with passion's fire intense.
All souls are kindred! each a mystic spark,
Struck from life's anvil in the forge of God;
Each sets aglow its own peculiar clod,
And finds a shelter in its mortal ark.
But some of these are fashioned in the dark,
Mis-shaped, unfinished in the gloom of night,
Whilst other frames are moulded in the light,
With nobler impress and with brighter mark,
The Maker seems unjust in our weak sight,
But He knows what is wrong and what is right.
Twin sparks, our spirits had together birth—

Yours tarried in the pure celestial way
For years, whilst mine descended to the earth,
And took upon itself its garb of clay;
Since then, yours followed from the realms of mirth
To this strange world, and thus we meet to-day.
Thy soul took refuge in a lovely form,
My spirit found a rougher dwelling place,
But still they're *one*, impulsive, wayward, warm,
Rash, wild, and generous, speaking through the face
Their inmost thoughts, which, in life's mazy race,
Are leaflets blown about by passion's storm,
Not knowing where to rest in tranquil peace,
Pursuing a chimera. * * * Souls, be calm,
The by-and-by will bring a sure release:
I know not what you are, nor what I am,
But in that by-and-by our doubts shall cease.

LAYS OF THE LITTLE ONES.



"UP-A-DAISY!"



UP-A-DAISY! said his mother
When the babe was three months old;
"Up-a-daisy!" and she'd lift him
From the rug whereon he rolled.
Soon the boy began to prattle,
And his lips would strive to say
"Up-a-daisy!" but he couldn't
Master more than "Up-a-day!"

"Up-a-daisy!" quaint expression
Coined in some old nurse's brain,
As she tossed some merry baby
Up and down and up again;
But our boy, unversed in diction,
Takes it in another way—
Help, assistance, comfort, succour,
Seeks he in his "Up-a-day!"

Months flew by—the boy grew stronger:
Childhood's little griefs and cares
Marr'd some merry, merry moments;
Stupid stools and naughty chairs
Would persist in falling o'er him;
And, as on the ground he lay,
He would kick and scream and scramble—
"Mamma, mamma, Up-a-Day!"

Onward in the march of progress,
Busy hands and toddling feet,
Cosy cradle superseded
By the cot so snug and neat;
Mischief-making little meddler,
Wearied out at twilight gray,
Clinging to the skirts of mamma:
"Me so tired," then "Up-a-Day!"

Oh, the golden dreams of childhood!
Oh, the visions babies see!
After they have lisped "Our Faader,"
Nodding upon mother's knee;
Cares and troubles all forgotten
Till the morn's first diamond ray
Opes the rosebuds and the red lips,
And the eyelids—"Up-a-day!"

Once again the little despot
Rules the house with iron will,
Jumps and crows and screams and scrambles—
Not a single moment still;
Merry, rippling, silver laughter,
Sunshine followed soon by spray,
Troubles crowd again upon him—
"Mamma, Mamma, Up-a-day!"

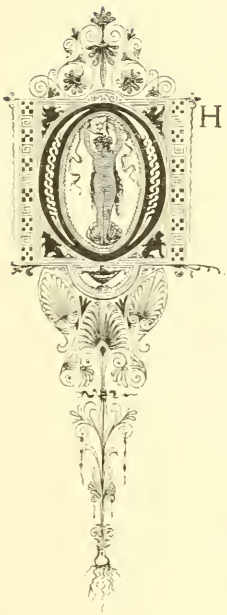
Now he falls across the fender,
Now he tumbles on the stairs,
Screams and sobs and runs to mother
With his troubles and his cares.
"Oh, you naughty boy, what ails you?
Sonny, *do* be quiet, pray!
Dere now, dere now, what's the matter?"
"Mamma, mamma, up-a-day!"

"Papa, tum and play me sojers,
Me will shoot oo with my dun."
Fierce the onslaught, papa's vanquished,
Baby has the victory won.
Ah! the fate of war is cruel:
Baby's gun breaks in the fray—
"Oh! my dun, my dun is broken;
Mamma, mamma, up-a-day?"

Babyhood is manhood's mirror:
  Joys and sorrows, smiles and tears
Find their birth-place in the cradle,
  Growing stronger with the years;
"Mother!" is our cry in spring-time;
  But, when Winter holds his sway,
From the depths we raise our voices—
  "Father, Father, Up-a-day!"

Ah! the time will come, my darling,
  When the hearts that shield thee now
Shall be silent, and Time's furrows
  Will leave traces on thy brow;
When the shadows fall upon thee
  Turn thine eyes from Earth away,
Lift thy voice and cry with fervour—
  "Father, Father, Up-a-day!"

AMONG THE BUDS.



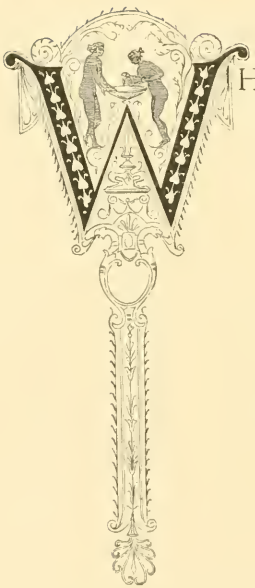
OH! leave the buds alone,
Baby,
Leave the buds alone;
Each little flow'ret has a heart
As pure as is thine own.
That violet,
My pretty pet,
Hath borrowed from the skies
Its deepest blue,—
The same bright hue
That sparkles in thine eyes;
And, just like thee,
In purity
And beauty it hath grown;
Then leave the buds alone,
Baby,
Leave the buds alone.

Oh! leave the buds alone;
Baby,
Leave the buds alone;
Those little blossoms are the gems
That stud the garden's zone.
From bell and cup
The sun-sprites sup
The nectar and the dew;
Each morn they drink
From rose and pink
Sweet Nature's freshest "brew"
Of God's own brand;—
Thy tiny hand
To playfulness is prone,
But do not break the cups,
Baby,
Leave the buds alone.

Oh! leave the buds alone,
Baby,
Leave the buds alone;
They are thy younger sisters, and,
Like thee, they have but known
The sweets of Spring,
When everything
Evolves God's purest breath;
They have no fear
For Autumn's sere,

Nor Winter's tint of death;
Affinity
Links them and thee
To heaven's eternal throne.
Ye are the stainless ones,
Baby,
Leave the buds alone.

GOOD NIGHT TO BABY.



HERE is Babe, to-night? I miss him —
Where is little Bright Eyes? bless him!
Bend above his cot and kiss him,
Say "good night" to Baby.

Say "good night," though he be sleeping,
List'ning cherubs will be peeping
Through God's windows, fondly keeping
Loving watch o'er Baby.

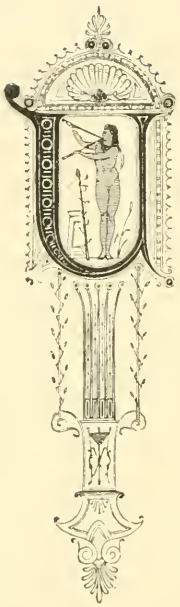
They will catch the words with pleasure,
Floating downwards through the azure;
They will cluster round your treasure,
Whisp'ring them to Baby.

Say
"good night,"
though he be sleeping,
Listning cherubs will be peeping
Through God's windows, fondly keeping
Loving watch o'er Baby.

They will tell him many a story
Of their Golden City's glory—
Wiser than his grandsire hoary,
Happy little Baby!

Purer sight to him is given,
All the star-nail'd gates are riven,
Opening up a view of heaven
In his dreams to Baby.

MOTHER'S GRAVE.



UP on the hill where beds are made
Narrow and deep with pick and spade;
Up on the hill where death-flowers grow,
Over a grave a child bent low,
Picking the weeds of a new-formed plot;
Up on the hill on a Sabbath morn,
(Works of mercy that day adorn),
Guardian spirits around the spot.

Under the sun the city basked,
The sun that over the valley smiled,
"Why art thou here alone?" I asked—
"Why art thou here alone, my child?"
Her bosom swelled with sorrow's throbs,
Which burst the flood-gates of the heart;
I watched the bright drops, born of sobs,
Out from the wells of her sad eyes start.
"Why art thou here?" again I said,
"Weeping over this lonely bed?"

And this was the only reply she gave,
"Oh, sir, I am weeding my mother's grave."

I asked no more, but turned away
From girl, and stone, and mound of clay;
I asked no more, for that sentence told
Of lonely hearts, and of strangers cold;
And then I knelt in an old churchyard,
Where one grim elm-tree stood to guard
A daisy quilt and a crumbling stone,
And I was a child, alone, alone;
And the wild wind moaned through the ruins old,
And the clouds were black and the world was cold,
And sadly I heard the weird gusts rave
Through the crumbling walls near my mother's grave.

Up on the hill, where beds are made
Narrow and deep with pick and spade;
Up on the hill, where death-flowers grow,
Over a grave a child bent low,
  Picking the weeds off a new-formed plot;
Up on the hill, on a Sabbath morn,
(Works of mercy that day adorn),
  Guardian spirits around the spot.

LITTLE VIOLET.

SHE met me on the garden walk,
Her bright eyes filled with mirth and glee,
And listening to her prattling talk,
My childhood's days returned to me,
"And don't you know my name?" she said—
"Why, no," I answered, "we've not met
Before, my charming little maid;"
Then she replied, "I'm Violet."

"Indeed; well, that's a pretty name;"
I wandered back to sunnier hours,
And little Violet became
Far fairer than the other flowers
That grew around her where she stood—
Each pansy, pink, and mignonette
Smiled sweetly at their sister bud,
The tender little Violet.

I gazed into her pure bright eyes,
Where nestled childish innocence;
Then she, with look so very wise,
Took me into her confidence,
And told me all her griefs and joys,
How babies often scream and fret,
How brother robbed her of her toys,
And broke the dolls of Violet.

How cherries grow upon a tree,
How Grandpapa lived far away,
Where big ships swim across the sea,
And she was going there to stay.
Youth's blossom made my heart its bower,
But near it sprang the weed—regret;
I plucked the weed and kept the flower,
And called it—Mem'ry's Violet.

There's rapture in the blithesome time
When love inhales young passion's breath—
The poet's is a joy sublime,
The Christian's happiness is—death.
But in pure childhood's thoughtless bliss,
A taste of Heaven and earth we get—
More of the other life than this,
Earth's angels are like Violets.

THE LAND BEYOND THE SUN.

A DEAR little boy with a cherub's face,
Stood by the side of his mother's knee,
The Sun at the end of his daily race
Rested awhile on the crimson sea;
Glimpses of Paradise burst through the beams
That painted the hills and tinted the bay,
The mother was thinking on early dreams,
Her pure little innocent prattled away.

"The sun is like a golden ball
Dancing on the Ocean's brim,
Every eve I watch him fall,
How I love to look at him.
If upon the shore he'd set,
Then to greet him we would run,

And behind him we could get,
To the land beyond the sun.

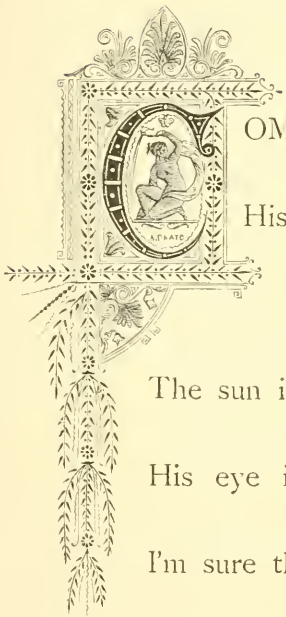
"Bessy went there, you have said,
To obey the Shepherd's will,
When she left her little bed
Where the flax waves on the hill,
And she left the flowers behind,
Though to bloom they had begun,
Sweeter roses she must find,
In the land beyond the sun.

"Mother, if we had a boat,
We might cross the crimson track,
Round the sun then we could float,
And we'd bring our Bessie back.
See, he sets on yonder wave,
All his threads of gold are spun,
When he sinks into his cave,
We might sail beyond the sun."

Simple words oft touch love's chord
Waking mem'ry's softest tune.
"Bessie, dear, is with her Lord,
We will go to meet her soon;

You and I and father, too,
Must win the crown that she has won,
By and bye we'll journey through
To the land beyond the sun."

THE BOY AND THE YEAR.



COME out, dear father, come and see this
weary-looking man;
His hair is grey and very thin, his face
is pale and wan;
With tottering steps he slowly wends
his way down yonder hill;
The sun is shining warm and bright, and yet he
seems quite chill,
His eye is dimmed by sorrow, yet he has a
kingly mien;
I'm sure that he far happier and better days has
seen.
I think I know his features well—and yet it cannot be!
Dear father, come and look on him, and tell me who is he?"

"My darling boy, you speak aright, we've seen that face
before,
But then, instead of sorrow's streaks, a cheerful smile it wore.

He came to us, 'twill be twelve months ago to-morrow morn;
His brow was crown'd with evergreens and sheaves of golden corn;
We welcomed him with open arms, and many a rural game
Was played to honour him, for joy and gladness with him came;
His eye was filled with manly fire, his breath was fresh and pure;
Majestically he stood erect,—his step was firm and sure."

"Dear father, I remember him; the morning he came here
You kissed myself and Amy, and we christened him New Year;
The church bells rang a merry peal, and filled our hearts with glee—
And little Amy laughed;—but now she's gone from you and me.
You said that mother called her to the land beyond the stars,
Where angels paint the silver clouds, and forge the golden bars
That gird the sun at eventide:—but New Year must have known
That Amy meant to leave us here in sorrow all alone."

"My darling boy, the New Year had a mission to fulfil—
Our Supreme Master sent him here to do His holy will;

With smiles for some, and tears for more—'tis sinful to complain,
For pleasure would engender pride unless subdued by pain.
If yon bright orb shone constantly, and never hid his light,
We'd soon get weary of his rays, and wish for sable night;
If those sweet roses blooming in the garden ne'er decayed,
Their fragrance would be wasted, and their loveliness would fade."

"But, father, I am thinking still that New Year was to blame;
Deceitful smiles were on his face the morning that he came.
He fondled our dear Amy, and she sang to him so gay:
He should have told us that he meant to take her far away.
The night she left us, father dear, I thought my heart would break;
You said she only was asleep,—that soon she would awake;
But months have passed, and still she slumbers in the narrow cave,
Beneath the pretty pansies that we planted on her grave."

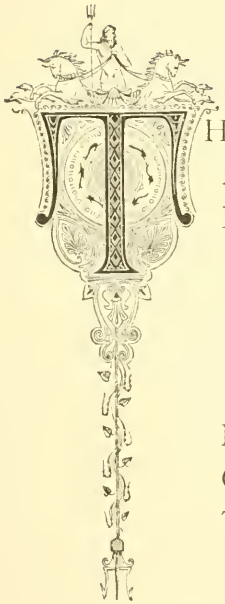
"The year is not to blame, my son, for wheresoe'er he walks,
Behind his back, with mocking strides, a ghastly spectre stalks;
Who crushes oft the fairest flowers until their leaves are dead—
Their essence he can not destroy, for, soaring o'er his head,
A lovely Angel gathers up the fragrant balm, and pours

The sweet elixir in the stream beyond the azure doors,
Where Cherubs live, and Seraphs sing their never-ending lays,—
Our Amy is above with them, and joins their song of praise."

"Oh, father, dear, I wish that I were up with Amy, too;
You say the bowers are beautiful beyond the aereal blue,
Each New Year seems to bring along a load of care and strife,—
There seems to be less bliss than pain, dear father, in this life;
The hopes we cherish most to-day, to-morrow change to fears;
The smiles that gild our cheeks to-day, to-morrow turn to tears;
Our dearest friends are here to-day—but, ere the morning, fly,
Like mother dear and Amy, to the realms beyond the sky."

"My son, you should not murmur thus; the tide that laves the beach
Can rush along its measured pace, but further cannot reach;
And like unto it is the grasping intellect of man,
It searches to the gates of Heaven, but further cannot scan.
Then face the world bravely, boy, and let repining cease,—
Let honour be your compass, and your harbour will be peace;
Year after year may come and go, but Death, the tyrant, gains
No victory o'er the honest heart, where calm contentment reigns."

OUR LITTLE DARLING.



THE wattle trees begin to bloom,
And load the air with sweet perfume;
But spring's green robe is edged with gloom:
We've lost our little darling.

No more beneath the spreading gum
Our darling and the lambkins come;
The little prattling mouth is dumb—
We've lost our little darling.

No longer to the creekside she
With little pail runs after me;
Shep frisks about no more with glee
To play with little darling.

The magpie's notes at early dawn,
Which used to wake our pretty fawn,
Remind us that our love light's gone—
At morn we miss our darling.

At night we hear the gum-leaves stir,
Whilst listening to the 'possum's burr,
'Tis wearisome when wanting her—
Ah! then we miss our darling.

A big, brown snake[1], one sultry noon,
Played with her near the broad lagoon,
At our approach he vanished soon,
But left unhurt our darling.

She followed him with childish mirth,
Which told us she was not of earth;
A charm hung round her from her birth;
The angels watched our darling.

1 Snakes have been known in Australia to nestle beside children, and even to climb on to their laps without harming them.

She brought from homes where seraphs stay,
To gild our hearts a golden ray;
It shone a short, short summer day,
  Then faded with our darling.

Her time with us, alas! was short;
From paradise came this report—
"A cherub strayed from Heaven's court,
  Give up your little darling."

Her tiny feet have left no print,
Her rosy cheeks have left no tint;
God wanted treasure in His mint,
  And took our little darling.

ANGELS' FEATHERS.

I SAW the snow fall, with my childhood's vision;
My soul leaped back unto its fresher clay,
Though manhood mock'd me, in its cold derision,
And knowledge laugh'd too, in its sober day;
'Tis not the wind's wail, but some spirit sighing,
That through the crannies now so weirdly sings—
'Tis not the snow-drift, now above me flying,
But feathers falling from the angels' wings.

Light fancy flies far from the realm of reason,
And revels wildly in its young conceit—
Oh! sweet deception, thou art harmless treason,
Oh! sacred privilege, at times to cheat
Hard-grained reality and stern worldly duty—
To touch life's harp upon its sweetest strings,
Oh! trance of gladness, and bright dream of beauty,
Oh! feathers falling from the angels' wings.

'Tis not the snow-drift now above me flying,
But feathers falling from the angels' wings

Proud seers survey the outside of creation,
But cannot peer beyond the azure wall;
Their lamp, compared to young imagination,
Is but a little rush-light after all.
The child is lord of all the realms of wonder,
For him alone the tempest-giant swings
Red bars of lightning and black bolts of thunder;
He sees the feathers fall from angels' wings.

Rail, if it please you, at each fond illusion,—
Witch'd by their glamour we were nearer God;
Our sight was clearer ere the spirit's fusion
With rougher wisdom in a coarser clod!
Ere mind was wed to the prosaic real,
Our inspiration came from purer springs;
Snow was not snow then, in those dreams ideal,
But feathers falling from the angels' wings.

We rise to manhood, in the eyes of sages,
We're day by day evolving something new,
And year by year we're mounting higher stages!
We fall from childhood, in the poet's view.
The storm of life sweeps through the young plantations,
And from youth's mount to manhood's vale it brings
Hope's blossoms, blown with withered aspirations,
To fall like feathers from the angels' wings.

BUSH CHILDREN.

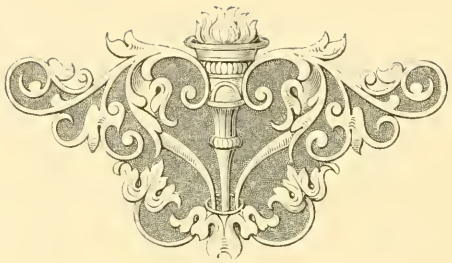
EYES of hazel and of blue,
Raven locks and golden tresses,
Lips of rosy-tinted hue
Pouting for the fond caresses,
Laughter filling hearts with joy,
As the merry moments whirl,
Father loves his manly boy,
Mother dotes upon her girl.

Gambolling across the glade,
Sporting through the tea-tree mazes,
Resting 'neath the wattle's shade,
When the summer's red sun blazes;
Fondling the dear pet lamb,
Patting Bob, the sleek old coley,
Teasing Bill, the aged ram,
Driving Redman, Sam, and Poley.

Seeking for the 'possum's nest,
In the wrinkled box-tree hollow;
Breaking in upon his rest,
"Let him run, and Pinch will follow."
Hunting for the hidden sweets
Where the wild bush-bees are humming;
Listening for the cheerful bleats
When the shepherd home is coming.

"Willie, give the lads a call,
We must have a game at cricket;
Jack and you can stop the ball,
I will stand to guard the wicket."
Play your games, you merry crew,
Now's the time for recreation,
By-and-by there's work to do,
You have yet to build a nation.

POEMS AND ADDRESSES.



KAITANGATA.

On the 21st of February, 1879, a colliery explosion took place at the Kaitangata Mines, by which thirty lives were sacrificed.

THE touch of God is on the chord which runs
Through all humanity, from heart to heart;
The Hand Divine, that holds the stars and suns,
Strikes on love's string, and inner voices start,
Proclaiming we are each of each a part.

The Priest of Nature may expound this truth:
Afflictions are but solemn lessons read
To mortals; Science still is in her youth—

The living gain their knowledge through the dead;
All human suff'ring points the road ahead.

It may be so; anon we'll learn that text,
But now the widows' and the orphans' eyes
Are following from this life to the next
Loved spirits torn away from dearest ties,
And God to us is speaking through their cries.

He calls on us to succour those in need;
We're bound together in a common bond.
Faith's purest action is a noble deed;
Hope's truest anchor is a helping hand;
Love is the key that opes the doors beyond.

A few short days ago, and those who rest
Held this poor lease of earth which now we hold;
The pulse of life beat strongly in each breast—
Ah! 'tis the same old story often told,
We know not when the spark may leave the mould.

Oh! brothers, there are weary hearts to-day,
And cheerless homes, where sorrow sits in gloom;
And lonely weeping ones, who can but pray,
"Thy will be done," whilst bowing to their doom,
And longing for the meeting 'yond the tomb.

Not ours to change the mystic second-birth,
Not ours to bring the loved ones back again,
But ours to do our duty upon earth,
By succouring the mourners who remain;
To them we're linked in sympathetic chain.

To-day Humanity's resistless breath
Sweeps through the credal barriers, and brings
Us all together to the Church of Death—
The common fold of toilers and of kings;
And Charity broods o'er with outstretched wings.

To-day the pure Christ-Spirit from above
With warm vibration thrills through every soul;
To-day we owe a sacred debt to Love;
To-day our Father claims a special toll
At gates which lead to Hope's eternal goal.

LONGFELLOW.

THE minstrel's voice is songless now,
Death's stamp is on that honour'd brow;
No dirge for him, no sigh nor tear:
We'll shout above the poet's bier—
Excelsior!

He swept his harp-strings clear and strong
Till trees became alive with song,
And every trembling leaflet stirred
To music at his magic word—
Excelsior!

He touched a chord, and on the scene
Appeared the fair Evangeline
In Norman cap and girtle blue,
Acadie's virgin pure and true—
Excelsior!

He peopled Strasburg's lofty spire
With spirits from the realms of fire,
Then put a soul in every bell
To triumph o'er the powers of hell—
Excelsior!

Across the harp his fingers ran,
And Plymouth's martial Puritan
Stepp'd into life, and madly strove
With Alden in the game of love—
Excelsior!

He struck out, as he passed along,
From sledge and anvil sparks of song,
Until the forge 'neath chestnut-tree
Was filled with manly minstrelsy—
Excelsior!

He gathered from the Northland plains
Old echoes wild of Indian strains;
He beautified the songs of yore,
Then gave them to the woods once more—
Excelsior!

He gave new music to each rill,
He clothed the prairie and the hill
With rich romance; each forest pine
Shook with new melody divine—
Excelsior!

A grand old bard, with spotless page,
An honour to his land and age,
Full ripe for Heav'n, has passed away;
And Nature sings above his clay—
Excelsior!

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

OWN many a giant stream, whose place of birth
Lies hidden in the distance from our ken,
And from the nooks and corners of the earth,
Where darkness shrouds the souls of savage men,

A dirge steals softly on the breath of night,
Which tells us of a noble spirit fled
To find the mystic source of truth and light,
And read the book that mortals have not read.

Where shall we meet with courage true and grand
As that which stayed the brave old wanderer's heart?
Home, pleasure, friendship, love, and native land
He left, to trace the world's mysterious chart.

Adown the valleys where Zambesi runs—
  Along the Nile, and by Nyassa's lake,
To Earth's degraded and benighted sons
  He brought the peaceful words which Jesus spake.

The tameless Berber reins his steed to gaze
  With wondering pity on that tranquil face;
The grateful Ethiopian chants the praise
  Of him who brought "glad tidings" to his race.

When Livingstone is named, what fool shall dare
  To boast of war's red tyrants, robed in blood,
Who sacrifice their serfs for vultures' fare,
  Who call it glory, to give ravens food?

When battle trumpets sound, and banners stream,
  The mad blood flies to the enthusiast's brain,
And where the war drums roll, and sabres gleam,
  His fiery spirit seeks the purple plain.

The yeoman, fenced within his narrow home,
  Bursts the old links and seeks for freer skies;
Nor fears to cross the ever-shifting foam,
  Hope tells his heart he goes to win a prize

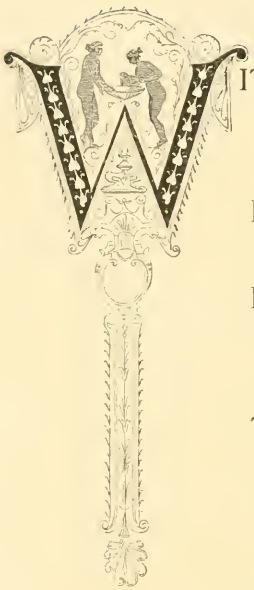
But this great man left all wealth's gifts behind—
Ease could not bind him to his native shore;
His bosom glowed to benefit his kind,
To bear off knowledge and return with more.

He marched through trackless wilds and deserts drear,
Although Death's footsteps dogged his every pace;
The cause he lived for shielded him 'gainst fear,
His soul could meet the Spectre face to face.

Array the Monarch's dust in pomp and pride,
Whilst flatterers his doubtful virtues sing:
A grander death this great old victor died
Than England's boldest Duke or bravest King.

No cultivated sigh, nor polished tear
Bedecks the couch whereon the hero sleeps;
A purer tribute falls upon his bier,
For lo! above his corse the savage weeps.

SIR GEORGE GREY.



ITHIN a forest stood a grand old tree,
Whose head above the other plants rose high;
He was the forest's first-born. Sun and sky
Had known him, and had smiled on him ere he
Had kinsfolk near, or leafy brethren nigh;
The wild birds brought to him their minstrelsy;
The singers knew that when the scene was rude,
He grew and gave a shelter to their race.
By him the wandering melodists were wooed
To trill and warble in that lonely place;
A sanctuary in the solitude
He gave to them. In him the birds could trace
The forest's king, and so from hills and plains
They flew to him, and sang their sweetest strains.

Sir George Gray, K.C.B.

IN MEMORIAM.

WILSON GRAY.

ANOTHER heart has ceased its beating,
Another noble soul has fled,
God has called it to His meeting,
Bear him proudly to his bed.

Bear him proudly on your shoulders:
'Tis a sacred corse ye bear,
'Tis untarnished clay that moulders,
Honoured dust is coffined there.

Few there are like him who left us:
Pure, unselfish, truthful, kind!
Why has death so soon bereft us
Of that clear unsullied mind?

Far beyond yon curtains, shrouding
Distant Ocean's restless brim—
Where the quaint grim shadows crowding
Float o'er wat'ry valleys dim—

Sits the Emerald Queen of Islands
Chanting lonely sorrow's wail!
From her ancient vales and highlands
Comes his story on the gale.

Comes his story,—Ah! we knew it,
When his hand had work to do,
He was ready there to do it,
Firm and fearless, tried and true.

From his Island Mother olden,
Sailed away the upright man;
Fair young Austral', warm and golden,
Called him to her people's van.

From the ranks the leader vanished,
Fighting still the people's fight;
Still his name, unstained, unbanished,
Lives a talisman of might.

Spirits of the old Convention—
  Ye who still retain your clay—
Doff your hats whene'er ye mention
  Such a name as WILSON GRAY.

Island of the rugged forehead,
  There is gloom upon thy breast.
Justice! Death from thee has borrow'd
  One who wore thy speckless crest.

Nay, Death has not left thee lonely;
  Thou hast brighter circuits still,
Here, thou art a pilgrim only,
  For thy home is on the hill.

Ah 'tis little that we know here—
  From its cage escaped the dove,
From the Judgment Seat below here,
  To the Judgment Seat above.

Bear him on there's no receding;
  Death is but a mystic span
Through eternal arches leading
  To the higher spheres of Man.

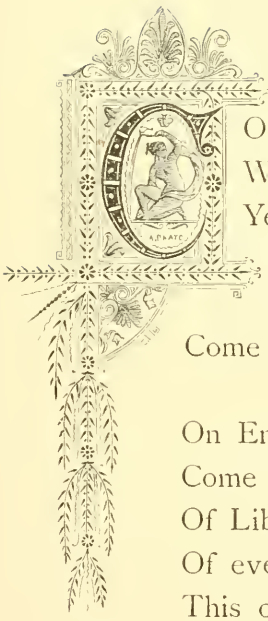
Where Earth's brightest gems shall cluster
Fired with everlasting youth,
Basking in celestial lustre
O'er the firmament of truth.

Onward still Hope's beacon flashes
In the palaces afar;
And the spark that fled these ashes
There shall shine a golden star!

Bear him proudly on your shoulders—
Good men's deeds are never dead!
'Tis a sacred corse that moulders—
Bear him proudly to his bed.

O'CONNELL.

[Born August 6, 1775.]



COME ye whose spirits are unfettered, ye
Who dare to burst the trammels of the past,
Ye, who obey the Man-God's golden rule,
By granting others what ye claim your-
selves!
Come ye whose fathers fought for Conscience
sake,
On England's plains and Scotia's rugged hills,
Come all who worship at the sacred Shrine
Of Liberty! Come freemen, one and all,
Of every race and clime and creed upon
This oval Planet's surface! Come with me,
And let's unlock the casket which contains
That jewel rare—a great man's memory.

A hundred years to-day, in that fair Isle—
Which as an em'rald ornament is set
Above Atlantic's palpitating heart,
The Power Supreme, who guides Creation's works,
And moulds His creatures' destinies at will,
Looked down with pity on an enslav'd race,
And bid a Giant live, to rend their chains.
Then Freedom soared above Killarney's lakes,
And breathed on wild Magillicuddy's Reeks,
And in the peaceful home of Derrynane,
That nestles in the arms of Kerry's hills,
The Liberator of his land was born.

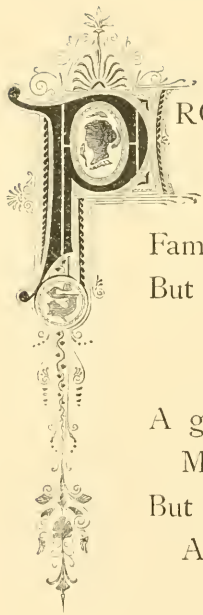
A hundred years to-day!—look back with me
Across the gulf, and note how times have changed!
The crouching bondsman on the other side
Bends low with forced submissiveness, nor dares
To look up to his Maker, save by stealth!
'Tis crime in him to call his soul his own,
But lo! between the banks of Now and Then,
A chieftain stands, with head erect and proud,
Clad in the armour of a righteous cause,
And fighting with those weapons of the just—
The "Voice and Pen," and as his glowing words
Rush up to Heaven, slumbering Justice wakes..

A hundred years to-day! the time seems short,
And yet within that century the Earth
Has changed her face, for Pioneers of Right
Have hewn away the rotten trunks of Wrong
That grew upon her breast, and sapped the springs
Of nutriment from out her bosom's core,
'Till all her weaker plants could scarcely live;
And in the vanguard of that noble host
O'Connell stood,—the people's crownless King,
Pointing in triumph to the tracks he'd cleared
To Paradise, where souls might freely soar
The way which pleased them best, to meet their God.

Oh! Brothers, we are privileged to hold
The first position in the ranks of Light,
The nations we are building in the South
Can rear their golden heads on high, and boast
That all their children,—sprung from every race—
Have equal rights to chant Jehovah's praise
As suits their choice, and Brothers, we are proud
Of our unsullied charter, and we're proud
Of all the noble and unselfish men
Who fought in bye-gone years for human rights;
And this is why we twine our wreaths of song,
And weave our garlands 'round O'Connell's name.

ROBERT BURNS.

(114TH ANNIVERSARY.)



PROUD glory's wreath may crown the warrior's urn,
And victory's trophies rise above his dust,
Fame's torch awhile may o'er his ashes burn,
But time will quench it and his sword shall rust.

A grateful nation o'er the statesman's tomb
May trumpet forth his labors in her cause;
But other lights her councils may illume,
And time's progressive wheel roll o'er his laws.

But who, or what, can shroud the poet's fame?
Whilst Nature's mighty form towers over art,
No power on earth can blot his sacred name
When once 'tis written on his country's heart.

I love thee, England, for thy manly race;
My native land I love thee for thy wrongs;
Clime of the barren brow and rugged face—
Scotland!—I love thee for thy deathless songs.

Well may'st thou point with triumph and with pride
Unto thy patriot heroes of the past;
Well may'st thou tell the nations how they died,
That liberty might breathe thy northern blast.

But there's a son of thine, whose genius sheds
More lustre round thee than thy bravest king;
Thy torrents rushing from their mountain beds
Till Nature's voice is mute, his praise shall sing.

For thee he struck a chord, whose magic strain
Rings through thy children's hearts o'er all the earth,
And links them in a fond magnetic chain
Whose loadstone is the island of their birth.

To Nature's throne he offered heartfelt praise—
He scourged hypocrisy with satire's rod;
In stirring tones he called on man to raise
His head erect, a reflex of his God.

He robbed the angels of their sweetest notes;
And when descending through the speckless dome
He caught the echoes of the lavrock's throats,
And brought them to thy peasant's humble home.

Roll on Old Earth unto thy final goal,
As o'er each century thine axle turns,
New wreaths of song shall blazon music's scroll,
As tributes to the memory of BURNS.

JAMES MACANDREW.[1]

WHY should our songs be sad? He needed rest;
He was afield among the pioneers
Who watched at daybreak on the mountain's crest
The golden dawning of a nation's years.

He was the foremost 'mong the sturdy band
Who breasted dangers in the early days
To found new homes; his was the head that plann'd
The super-structure upon which we gaze.

Behold the noble city towering high
Above the silver mirror framed in green!
How chang'd the prospect now since first his eye
Glanced hopefully around the silent scene.

[1] Father of the New Zealand House of Representatives.

The virgin forests, wrapt in deep repose,
Lay on the bosoms of the ancient hills,
Adown whose sides the sun-enfranchised snows
Roll'd into liquid song in founts and rills.

The fertile plains and valleys were asleep,
No plough-share yet had stirr'd the quiet sod;
Earth hugg'd her secret treasures hidden deep;
The noon-day rays had kiss'd no kindling clod.

When came the pilgrims to the promised land,
With hearts prepared to dare and hands to do,
They needed but a ruler to command,
And found in him a leader staunch and true.

Here was a land with Nature's gifts endow'd,
A new Canaan needing sturdy men;
The trunk that now lies still, rose strong and proud,
And stood an oak among the saplings then.

He set the pulse of Progress beating high,
And laid the firm foundations of a State;
His were the thoughts that ever onward fly
With lighting speed, to make a people great.

He beckon'd Commerce with her steam and sails,
And to our lovely bay fleet followed fleet;
He summoned Industry to bring her bales
And lay them down at young Edina's feet.

He waved his wand, and at the touch of toil
Were opened the prolific pores of earth;
Flocks roam'd the hills, and, turning up the soil,
The ploughman told his joy in songs of mirth.

He saw the primal seed-time in the land,
He watch'd the first green corn that dress'd the plain;
He saw the sickle in the reaper's hand
That gather'd in the first ripe sheaves of grain.

Why should our songs be sad? Tears are for those
Who live in vain and die with lands untill'd,
And not for him who sows and reaps, and goes
To peaceful sleep with all his tasks fulfilled.

He needed rest, he work'd an honest day,
The harvest fruits are garner'd once again;
'Tis meet that he should now receive his pay:
The Master knows His best and truest men.

MRS. GEORGE DARRELL.

AT once, good-night." Oh! how the old time gleams
Bright through the vista of the vanished years;
Again I wander among fading dreams—
Proud Cawdor's wife dismisses Scotland's peers.

"Mine eyes grow dim, farewell!" Sweet Queen, good-bye!
A nobler seat is thine than Harry's throne;
Our greatest Wolsey is with thee on high,
Poor Brooke is there, and thou art not alone.

"Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again."
Ay, Juliet, God knows when we shall meet.
God knows! God knows! 'tis still the sad refrain
To which the human heart-throbs ever beat.

"'Tis but one cast away, and so—Come death."
Not cast away, fair Rosalind, but blest
With richer garlands than Orlando's wreath,
Among the groves of everlasting rest.

"So speaking as I think, alas! I die—"
Again we hear the plaudits—cheer on cheer;
"Bravo, Emilia!" is the shout and cry,
Whilst gentle eyes are filled with many a tear.

"Sweets to the sweet"—ay, strew the flow'rets o'er
Her royal mantle;—it has changed to green.
Hamlet, thy mother is, alas! no more;
'Tis not Ophelia sleeps, but Denmark's Queen.

"Sir, grieve not you." Nay, Portia, I but pay
The debt which I, and tens of thousands, owe
To Art and thee; above thy sacred clay
I weave a garland for the long ago.

The brave old long ago, that free old time,
When manly hearts were often cheered by thee,
When Austral revelled in her golden prime,
And nursed Thalia and Melpomene,

Old forms arise—Brooke, Lambert, Rogers, Heir,
And others who have answered to the Call;
They're at the Treasury—thou'rt with them there;
Turn down the footlights—let the curtain fall.

GEORGE ELIOT.

ANOTHER leader lost! Thus speaks the wire—
The wire that whispers softly 'neath the wave.
Another teacher gone; the golden lyre,
Whose every string was fraught with sacred fire,
Lies silent now beside a new-made grave.

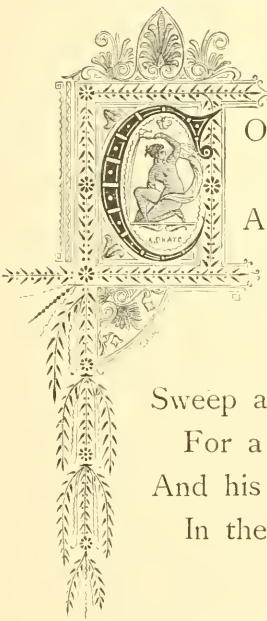
Another leader lost! The message sped
From England's chalky cliffs to every shore
Where mind is fetterless, and men have read
The bright and tuneful thoughts of her who led
The league of light, of letters, and of lore.

Another leader lost! The magic hand
That shaped the offspring of the quick'ning brain
Is pulseless now, and all the perfect band
Of her sublime creations mourning stand
Around the tomb—she's gone, but they remain.

Another leader lost! The wealth of mind,
And affluence of genius that illumined
Our later times have left their source behind;
The strongest, yet the sweetest, of her kind
Is but a name—the rest has been entombed.

Another leader lost! Trust not the cry;
The whisp'ring wire can tell us no such tale;
It speaks but of the casket,—let it lie,
That which it held within can never die,
For Truth is clothèd in eternal mail.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.



COME, ye winds, and chant sad dirges,
Where the restless billows roam,
And the sand-banks kiss the verges
Of the ever-shifting foam.

Sweep along the Ocean slowly,
For a BARD is resting near,
And his harp is lying lowly
In the shadow of his bier.

Sobbing through the tea-tree bushes,
Low and tender, loud and wild,
Melancholy music gushes—
Pensive Nature mourns her child.

He her secrets could unravel,
He had read her mystic page;
Oft with her his soul would travel,
Bursting from its earthly cage.

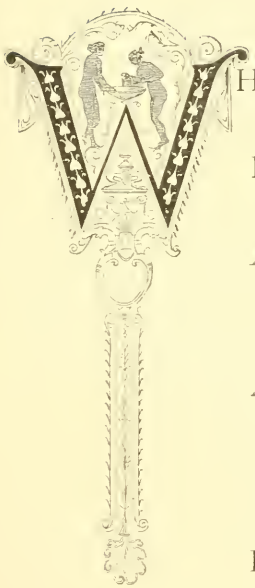
He rode on the tempest's pinions,
When the sheets of molten gold
Flashed across her broad dominions,
And the drums of heaven rolled.

He smiled with her in her gladness,
He wept with her in her gloom—
Until Sorrow, linked with Madness,
Tore the curtain off the tomb.

Censure not the frenzied action;
He but plunged where all must halt
Goaded on by fierce distraction—
His the secret, his the fault.

Rest him where the ocean plashes
To the moaning of the wind;
Death but robbed us of his ashes—
He has left his thoughts behind.

AN EXILE'S REVERIE.[1]



HERE Taieri sweeps by Manitoto's plain
A Scottish exile sang this fond refrain,
Each lonely winding glen and snowcapped mount
Awoke the slumbering Spring of Memory's fount,
Before his gaze old places came and went,
And thus the language of his heart found vent.

From these wild mountains, crowned with crystal hoar,
My thoughts are wafted o'er the moaning sea;
Unchecked, untrammelled by the Ocean's roar,
They wing their flight, dear Caledon, to thee;
The wheel of Time has rolled o'er many a year,
And often have I heard Death's mournful knell,

[1] Prize Poem of the Caledonian Society of Otago, 1869.

Since on thy shore I shed the parting tear
And bade thy noble cliffs a long farewell.
Yet in my dreams I see each youthful scene,
Old forms and faces meet my eye; again
I mingle with my schoolmates on the green,
Or gather berries in the briery lane.
The heather smells as sweet as when I strayed
To worship Nature o'er the purple hill.
And still, unchanged, the waving brackens shade
The murmuring burn that turns the village mill,
The old kirk seems the same, as when of yore,
I offered up my Sabbath morning's prayer
To Him whom all creation should adore.
Ah! where now are the friends that worshipped there?
My dream is past. It stands not morning's test,
Stern truth, with mocking finger points around,
And whispers, "All the loved ones are at rest—
They sleep beneath each daisy covered mound."
This vain deceitful slumber often cheats,
By making us appear what we have been,
The furure's left, the past at daylight fleets;
The wide, dark gulf of Time rolls on between.
Ah, Time, what shall I call thee? how address
The conqueror of kings, the sinner's dread—
Death's courier—swift, sure, and merciless;
Man's mocking guide unto his narrow bed.
Nations and Empires have come and gone;
Imperial Rome has fallen to the dust.
Regardless of events, thou movest on;

Thy blade is still unstained by mould or rust.
Age after age humanity hath paid
Mortality's inevitable tithe;
And still the ghastly tyrant wields his spade:
Still millions fall before thy ceaseless scythe.
Oh who, unmoved, can look upon thy page,
And trace thee from Creation to the Flood—
From thence unto the present? At each stage,
Thy sandals have been wet with tears and blood.
Forward to chaos! thou canst not turn back;
Procrastination lingers in thy train,
Fire, plague, and famine desolate thy track,
And countless souls cry after thee in vain.
Yet all's not dark upon thy changeful face:
When thou wert in thy prime, a Saviour came
To wash out, with His life drops, man's disgrace:
Thy brightest scroll records His sacred name.
And when Europa's shores refused to yield
Employment to the hardy sons of toil,
And poverty appeared, thy hand unveiled
New climes where plenty rested on the soil.
The Golden South, washed by Pacific's spray,
Calls thousands from the Old World's crowded marts
To fertile plains, where fame and fortune stay
Awaiting willing hands and gallant hearts.
Yet fond remembrance clasps the Exile's heart,
It haunts him still upon this distant strand;
Within his breast, pure warm emotions start
When thoughts are kindled there of Fatherland.

Here, in Young Scotia, we have glens and hills,
As wild and grand as those we left at home;
Our pastures are as green, as clear our rills,
Our coasts are guarded by as fierce a foam.
O'er cliffs and crags, ravines and lowly dells,
Borne on the clouds, wild, weird romance looks down;
And Poesy, Heaven's purest offspring, dwells
Heedless of Cynic's sneer or Stoic's frown.
What lack we then, in this new land of ours?
Why come old memories on the midnight blast,
To woo us back to childhood's happy hours,
And let us taste delight that cannot last?
Why does the eagle, ere he speeds away,
Wheel round his eyrie with an anxious care?
Why lingers he, for yonder is his prey?
Ah! by a mother he was sheltered there.
Why do the bright Spring morning's sparkling showers
Ascend on Sol's warm rays again from earth;
Why do they leave the lovely buds and flowers?
Because they cling to Heaven, their place of birth.
And thus it is with man. Where'er he strays
On distant plains, he turns his longing eyes
To that dear spot, veiled by the ocean's haze,
Where fancy whispers him the old land lies.
The ideal mirror shows to Albion's son
His home surrounded by the leafy dells;
From wood and copse he sees the streamlets run,
Endeared to him by recollection's spells.
The Emigrant from Erin's spray-girt isle

Oft hears her wild Harp singing on the breeze;
Its mournful cadence steals a tearful smile
And wafts it to the old home o'er the seas.
Then Scotia, land of legendary lore,
Can thy fond children cease to honor thee?
Nursed on the bosom of thy rugged shore,
Ingratitude shall never come from me;
Our new land is a reflex of thy face,
Its features in the same rough mould were cast.
Yet, unlike thee, Tradition finds no place,
A cloud of Barbarism shades the past;
No Wallace here to kindle Freedom's fire—
No Bruce to light the patriotic flame—
No Burns, to strike the grand melodious Lyre—
No Scott, to trumpet forth his country's fame—
No Bard of Hope, no Ettrick Shepherd, here;
No Ferguson, no plaintive Tannahill—
Hush! Scotia's spirit drops a burning tear;
The precious pearl thaws Death's dark frozen chill.
Hark to her voice: "Poor mortal, Time can not
Efface the memory of the great and good;
They live within the breast of each true Scot,
Though far he roams across the giant flood.
The gems that sparkle o'er the azure span
That Heaven's Architect has built on high,
Recede at dawn from the rude gaze of man,
Yet still, unquenched, they sparkle in the sky.
And thus it is that bards and heroes stay
A time below here, to illume mankind,

Then take their flight to shine in Heaven's day.
Those leave their thoughts, and these their deeds behind.
Then say not, mortal, that my glorious band
Have no existence on this golden shore.
O'er all the world, where'er my children stand,
My heroes' fame shall live for evermore.

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL.

THE SAIGE O'TIMARU.

IN anshint ages, whin Homer's pages
Gave all the stages o' the Saige o' Throy;
When false Queen Helen, wid bosom swellin',
In love, sure, fell in wid the Throjan boy;
The wars were gory, for death or glory,
So runs the story, they millions slew.
Be sure 'twas play, boys, unlike the fray, boys,
The other day, boys, at Timaru.

The grand directhers av the Orange Victhors,
(Ye've seen the picthers av King Billy's horse),
Addhressed the brith'in:—"We'll have a gith'rin,
An' bouldly march out, brave boys, in foorce,
Wid lovely sashes an' soords that flashes,
We'll cut fine dashes in full review;
We'll have an airin' wid banners rarin',
All dangers darin' through Timaru."

Och, blur-an-ouns, boys, it wint the rounds, boys,
Wid shouts an' bounds, boys, aitch hayro green,
From glin an' nook, a-round be Timuka
Prepared to march to the battle scene;
Aitch Mick or Pat, he brought stick or bat he
Got a Waimate—yer sowls, huroo!—
Then marchin' proudly, an' yellin' loudly,
The boys assimbled in Timaru.

The grand paradins, an' fine procaidins
Av the Orange hayros was the battle sign;
No word they utthered, but King Billy flutthered
On yallow banners along the line.
Prepared for slaughther, they played "Boyne Wather,"
Och, mailie-muther an' pillill-u-u,
Kings James's throops, boys, wid yells an' whoops, boys,
Rushed up in groups, boys, at Timaru.

They formed a square, boys, in front an' rair, boys,
Begog, 'twas quare, boys, to see thim stand;
An' one bould head-man, wid hair so red, man,
Got up an' sed, man, unto his band:
"Look here, be jabers, me dacint naybors,
Ther soords an' sabers will niver do,
It's no use talkin' we'll stop their walkin',
Ther colour-hawkin' through Timaru.

A bould Cromwellan, of powdher smellin'
With fury swellin', dhrew forth his blade,
An' swore he'd skiver the "Papish" Liver
That daar'd to stop him on his grand parade;
A black Sir Knight, boys, prepared to fight, boys,
'Gainst green an' white, boys, for red an' blue,
He'd stand alone, boys, an' guard the throne, boys,
So bould, mavrone, boys, at Timaru.

The Peeler squadhron (they're always botherin')
Wid rayinforcements came on the ground;
Inspecthor Pindher, that bould defindher,
Look'd mighty fierce, boys, as he gallop'd round.
Ses he:—"Be quiet, don't raise a riot,
For I defy ye to mischief brew;
Don't rise our ire, or we'll have to fire,
So plaise retire from Timaru.

The divil a harm he done to the army,
King James's foorces began to dodge;
King William's laygion, wid the battle raygin',
Inthrinched their squadhrons beyant the lodge;
The foorces sundhered, an' the cannons tundhered,
An' the people wondherred, as the bullets flew,
In Imaginashun an' disperashun,
For ricrayashun at Timaru.

Och the wounds an' bruises, me gintle muses,
Bedad refuses for to indite;
The deeds so famous, done for King Shamus,
An' how his army won in the fight;
They're crowned wid glory in fame's bright story,
The kilt an' wounded an' the slain an' slew,
Will live for ages in histh'ry's pages,
Whilst battle rages at Timaru.

They started
a Still in the
heart of the mountains,
Where rivulets
thrickle an' catharacts flow,
The babblin' brooks an' the thricklin' fountains
Wor fed from the hill tops all covered with snow.

THE LAYGIND O' TERRY M'KOW.[1]

BIG Barney M'Kow came out here from Killarney,
His fortune to seek in the wilds o' the bush;
A bould an' adventurous divil was Barney,
He landed before the first days o' the rush;
Och those wor the times whin the Maoris were plinty,
An' Barney soon won a Chief's daughther somehow;
The craythur was fat, though not fair an' just twinty,
Whin Barney first made her sweet Mrs. M'Kow.

They started a Still in the heart of the mountains,
Where rivulets thrickle an' catharacts flow,
The babblin' brooks an' the thricklin' fountains
Wor fed from the hill-tops all covered with snow;
Such wather was sure to make illigant whiskey—
Ye can't get such stuff on the Coast, darlints now—
'Twould make yer hearts light, an' yer sperrits quite friskey,
The liquor distilled by big Barney M'Kow.

[1] The Teremakan River.

Well, afther a time in the jue coorse o' nachure,
A blessin' was sent to the fond lovin' pair,
The darlint risimbled his mammy in faichure,
But favoured his dad in his lovely red hair;
Ses Barney, "He's just like his Uncle in Kerry,"
His mammy cried "Kapai!" his daddy cried "Wow!"
Be jabers me honey, we'll call the boy Terry,
Just afther his Uncle, bould Terry M'Kow.

Well, time wor apace, an' big Barney got wealthy,
While Terry grew up to a fine sthrappin' boy—
So sprightly an' sthrong, an' so brawny an' healthy—
The pet o' his parents their pride an' their joy;
Begorra 'tis he that could wrastle an' tussle,
An' handle a stick in the midst of a row,
Bad luck to the Maori, for sinew an' muscle
Could aquil the darlint boy Terry M'Kow.

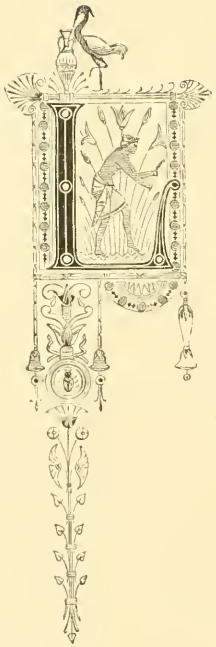
Now Terry in workin' the Still with his daddy,
Soon larned to Worship great Bacchus divine,
An' just like the son of a thrue-hearted Paddy
The boy took to whiskey—he coulden't taste wine—
He acted as guide to aitch towrist who thravelled,
He'd take thim safe up o'er the tall mountain's brow,
The mystheries o' nachure by him wor unravelled,
So larned and wise was bould Terry M'Kow.

But one day in summer the snow on the mountains
Got friskey an' roulled down the gullies in floods,
An' fierce torrents roared where there used to be fountains,
And Terry had no time to put on his duds;
The poor boy was just about wettin' his throttle
Whin clane off his feet he was swept by a bough
That floated along—still he stuck to the bottle,
An' clung to the brambles, brave Terry M'Kow.

On, on to the Ocean bould Terry was taken,
But just near the beach he got stuck on the bar,
(He coulden't get past it). While shiverin' an' shakin'
The boy was picked up by a kind-hearted tar
Who chanced to pass by an' obsarved Terry shiver—
"Ho! messmate ahoy!" ses he, "cling to the prow."
"O thank ye," says Terry, "bad luck to that river,
We'll call it in fuchure the Terry M'Kow."

THE PRINTER'S STICK.

(A TYPOGRAPHICAL LYRIC.)



LET followers of Carnage blow
Of *Mitrailleuse* and *Chassepot*,
And brag of all the deeds they've done
With Armstrong and with needle gun;
But we've a stronger weapon far
To wield in Freedom's noble war.
With it, my lads, the foe we'll *chase*,
Each comp. can well defend his *case*.
The printer's rifle is his *stick*,
We load it with a click, click, click,
Metal true is the shot we pick,
Hurrah, hurrah, for the printer's *stick!*

Our watchword is, "The people's good,"
We fight for that, yet spill no blood;
Our banners broad, of black and white,

Make tyrants tremble with affright,
We break in twain Oppression's rod,
The people's foes we place in *quad*,
Designing tools and factious knaves
Must soon become our *galley* slaves.
The printer's rifle is his *stick*,
We load it with a click, click, click,
Metal true is the shot we pick,
Hurrah, hurrah, for the printer's *stick!*

Should fierce invaders dare to storm
Our hearths and homes, each printer's *form*
In steady *columns*, firm and grand,
Would guard our dear adopted land;
In Freedom's fight we do not join
For power, or place, or paltry *quoin*,
For battle we are always ripe,
With *leaders* of the proper *type*.
The printer's rifle is his *stick*,
We load it with a click, click, click,
Metal true is the shot we pick,
Hurrah, hurrah, for the printer's *stick!*

Privation cannot make us fly,
For, lads, we're never short of *pye*,
And if we should get full of that,
At *chapel* we can pray for *fat*,

We *typos* are a jolly set,
We always *take* what we can get,
The printer's soul knows no despair,
Although his *frame* is sometimes bare.
The printer's rifle is his *stick*,
We load it with a click, click, click,
Metal true is the shot we pick,
Hurrah, hurrah, for the printer's *stick!*

Unto the people we dispense
A precious lot of *solid* sense;
When public spouters (do not laugh)
Are pumped by our reporting staff,
And often when the "Ouse" divides,
We *jeff* for our respective *sides;*
Some public heads, obtuse and thick,
Are softened by the printer's *stick!*
The printer's rifle is his *stick*,
We load it with a click, click, click,
Metal true is the shot we pick,
Hurrah, hurrah, for the printer's *stick!*

Then shout, lads, for the weapon bold,
That shields the helpless, weak, and old,
Who dares refuse will be *knocked down,*
We'll make him *shout*, or smash his *crown;*
Press onward in the cause of Right,

The "Voice and Pen" mould Freedom's light,
They form the candle and the wick,
But still the printer holds the *stick!*
The printer's rifle is his *stick*,
We load it with a click, click, click,
Metal true is the shot we pick,
Hurrah, hurrah, for the printer's *stick!*

CHINEE JOHNNY.

PAPER men too muchy say,
Chinee Johnny,
Too much yabber "Keep away
Chinee Johnny,"
Welley good no sabby me,
China make him plen tea.
Emmigation welly flea,
Chinee Johnny.

Workey hard, too lilly pay,
Chinee Johnny;
Hump him bamboo all le day,
Chinee Johnny;
Grow him cabbage welly good,
Dig him garden, chop him wood,
Get him gole-ly, cook him spud,
Chinee Johnny.

Me no sabby not come here,
Chinee Johnny;
No get drunky link him beer,
Chinee Johnny;
Welly good me make him fan,
Cook him puppy in him pan,
Plen loom for Chinaman,
Chinee Johnny.

Steal him fowley nighty come,
Chinee Johnny;
Diggy wash-dirt shakey some,
Chinee Johnny.
Smalley wages me no blame,
Inglisman work ally same,
Eat him Chow-chow Cantong came,
Chinee Johnny.

Inglies, Ileies, Cotchman, Jew—
Chinee Johnny;
Plen gammon, talkey too—
Chinee Johnny.
Chinaman no wifey bling,
No good women, all same ting,
Play on tom-tom, ching, ching, ching!
Chinee Johnny.

Play him fan-tan all night long—
Chinee Johnny;
Moke him opey, beat him gong—
Chinee Johnny.
Ingliesman say "Tax him Poll,"
Me go liggin, make him hole,
Me get lichey plenny gole—
Chinee Johnny.

What for you no sabby me—
Chinee Johnny?
Me much lighty you come hee—
Chinee Johnny.
Get him money, no stay long,
Me go backy to Hong Kong,
Paper talkey welly wrong—
Chinee Johnny.

OUR PET KANGAROO.

(AN AUSTRALIAN IDYL, FOUNDED ON FACT.)

WE caught the young marsupial
One winter ere he learn'd to spring;
His ma was shot, and from her pouch
Hopp'd forth the frisky little thing;
His story's short—his *mater's* tail
Was long and made a rich *ragout*—
A novel and romantic feed—
We all enjoyed that Kangaroo.

The little orphan soon became
Our pet: he quite familiar got.
He jumped among the saucepans, though
His loving ma had gone to pot:
He throve so well, and grew so fat,
Our *chef de cuisine* Chong Ah Loo
Petitioned us to let him try
His skill upon the Kangaroo.

But no,— we scorn'd so mean a trick,
And made the Tartar-tempter fly.
He spoke of soup, and we could see
The gravy in his almond eye—
His bitter almond eye, for he
Was cruel to be kind—"For you
Me makey soupy welly lich,
All samey puppy, Kangaloo."

But from that day Chong never dared
To make the same suggestion. We
Some kittens lost—but that was not
A serious catastrophe;
Our native bear "vamoosed" one day,
We missed our pure-bred bull-pup too,
We mourned them not, but set our hearts
Upon the tame young Kangaroo.

We named him Budgeree—that's "good"
In native lingo, as you know;
He earned the appellation well;
We watch'd our pet in goodness grow;
We taught him many a harmless trick,—
He couldn't smoke, but he could chew;
We always found him "up to snuff"—
He grew so 'cute, our Kangaroo.

He followed us about the house,
And on our rambles round the run;
And when his kin we hunted down,
He'd look sedate and watch the fun.
We took him once unto a ball
In Tapley's pub. at Bangaboo;
And didn't he enjoy the hop?
You bet he did—that Kangaroo.

He skipped right through the gay quadrille,
And joined the waltz's mazy whirl;
He lick'd the fiddler's foaming pint,
And kiss'd the hurdy-gurdy girl—
"*Du sollst es nicht thun!*" she exclaimed
(Which means "Now don't! be quiet, do!")
And no one there enjoyed the spree
More fully than our Kangaroo.

But thunder often follows calm,
And clouds at times obscure the sun,
Though old, those proverbs still are trite—
The "Lancers" and a waltz were done,
When Tapley jumped upon a chair,
And said—"I've to announce to you
That Dougal Gunn has just arrived!"
All cheered except the Kangaroo.

Big Dougal was a kilted Celt
Who never swore an English oath;
He measured six feet three or four,
His tartans had not check'd his growth:
At all the games he prizes won
For bagpipe tunes. So well he blew,
I thought and said, "He'll charm our pet,
For sweet sounds please our Kangaroo."

Then Dougal march'd around the room
With ribbons streaming from his pipes;
His mien was royal, though he wore
So many brilliant stars and stripes.
With cheeks distended, he prepared
To play the "March of Callum Dhu;"
Our Budgeree surveyed the pipes,
And wondered much, that Kangaroo.

And now the instrument emits
Preliminary grunts and groans;
Notes, wild and fitful, rise and swell—
The chanter struggles with the drones.
And louder yet, and wilder still,
The pibroch swells—when madly flew—
Crash! smash! dash!—through the window panes
Our peaceful pet, our Kangaroo!

The narrative is very sad—
Full ten feet high, from off his tail,
He'd sprung; he couldn't understand
The martial music of the Gael.
We gallop'd home in hopes to find
Him safe and sound; but not a clue
From that time out we ever found
Of Budgeree, our Kangaroo.

And often now on New Year's Day,
When sound the war notes of the Celt
Through New Edina's streets, old times
Rush back, and cause my eyes to melt.
Fond mem'ry conjures up that night
In Tapley's pub. at Bangaboo,
When Budgeree left home and friends,
And fled afar—poor Kangaroo!

Yes! yes! whene'er I hear the pipes,
Old scenes will rise before my gaze,—
I see the homestead lawn in spring,
Where wealthy wattles, all ablaze,
Made scented sunshades for the lambs;—
But bah! I'm getting "quite too too:"
I talk just like a bleating bard,
While dreaming of that Kangaroo.

PRINTED BY W. DRUGULIN, LEIPZIG—LONDON.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 366 610 4

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
THIS BOOK CARD

THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES

University Research Library

PHOTOLA
CALL
NUMBER
VOL.
PT.
COP.
AUTHOR
PHOTOLITHOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTIONS, LTD.